

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN NAZISM COLLAPSES?  
BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

THE EXTRAORDINARY HENRY WALLACE  
BY ROBERT HUMPHREYS

SEPTEMBER 1943

# The American Mercury



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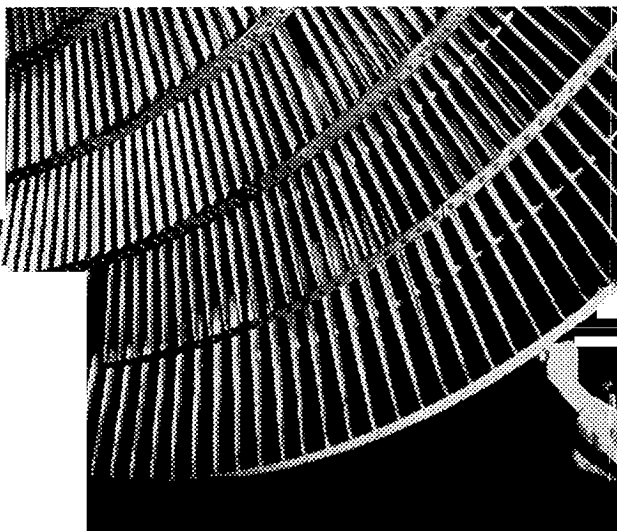
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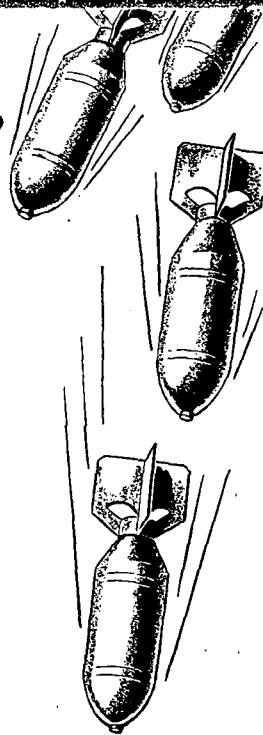
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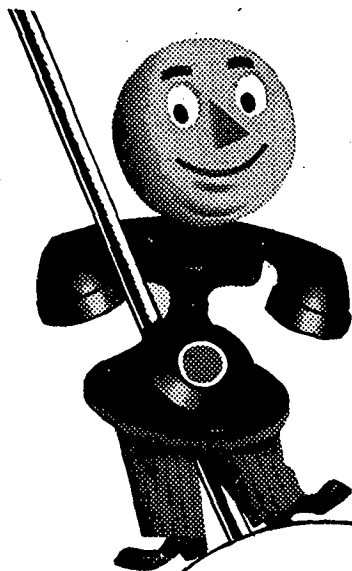
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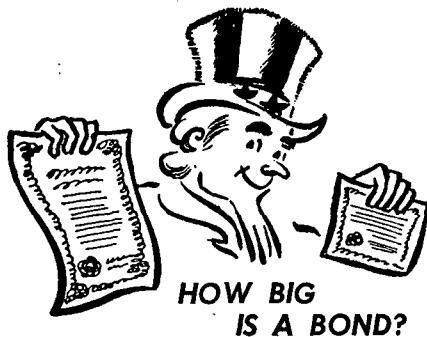
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## CHECK LIST

THE GOD OF THE MACHINE, by Isabel Paterson. \$2.75. Putnam. "Freedom for Americans is not a luxury of peace, to be 'sacrificed' in wartime. It is a necessity at all time, but above all in war; then it becomes an instant matter of life or death." These words, towards the end of Isabel Paterson's book may well serve as its moral and summation. Such strength as the politically rigid states — Germany, Japan, Russia — have shown has been based on energy borrowed from the dynamos of democratic nations. Provided we do not close down the long lines of our democratic, capitalistic energy, our victory is preordained by inexorable engineering laws. This is the author's thesis in a book which she describes as "a study of the flow of energy and the nature of government as mechanism."

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The novelty of the book's argument and its erudition need not scare anyone. Even those who disagree most sharply will relish the author's wit and logic. The chapter of "The Humanitarian with the Guillotine" is itself worth many times the price of admission.

(Continued on page 377)

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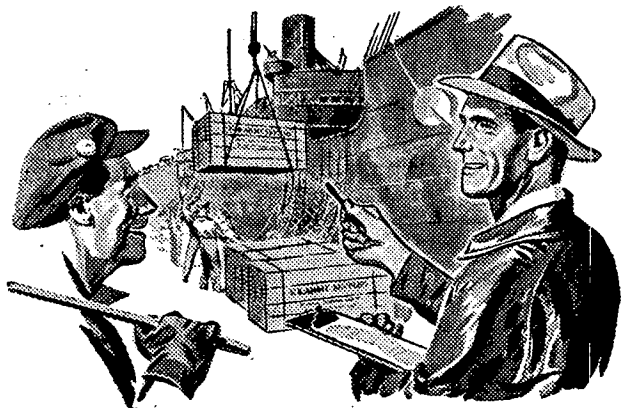
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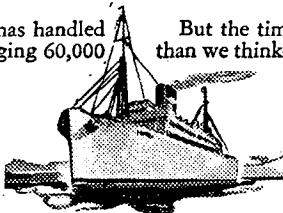
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## WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN NAZISM COLLAPSES?

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

THE collapse of the Nazi régime in Germany will find us in a dilemma of our own choosing.

We have made on Italy and Germany three incompatible demands: unconditional surrender of their armies; abdication of the Fascist-Nazi régimes; maintenance of law and order.

These three conditions are contradictory. The collapse of the régimes means the collapse of all civil authority; the surrender of the armies means the collapse of all military authority. Where there is neither civil nor military authority there is chaos.

The ordinary answer is: Our troops will replace both authorities and thus prevent chaos. This can

only be conceived of by unimaginative minds without insight into the social situation in Germany, and in disregard of the time element. It takes time to replace a German army by an allied one, and in the German case the political collapse will almost certainly precede the military collapse.

The political situation in Germany has been slowly disintegrating for many months. This process will be accelerated. The régime is rotten, corrupt, incompetent and unpopular. The German population has been dislocated by the bombings, and mixed up with more than ten million foreign workers, half the working population of Germany.

The morale of the Reichswehr, on the contrary, is relatively good, and so is its prestige with the people. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the political situation will collapse before the army does.

The whole German people know — and our official policy has been at pains to make it clear to them — that they, unlike the Italians, are fighting for their national existence, *at least as far as the Western Powers are concerned*. And the fear of revenge is infinitely greater in Germany than in Italy.

Unlike ourselves, the Russian government has not committed itself to three incompatible demands. Russia has not tied her own hands. Stalin has made but one demand: the elimination of the Nazi régime. Only once—early in May—he hesitantly used the Casablanca formula of “unconditional surrender,” and that is offset by previous and subsequent speeches and actions. Previously he had said specifically that what must be destroyed “is the Hitler state and the Hitler army, but not the German state, and not a German army.” And now, through the mouthpiece of a National Committee for a Free Germany in Moscow, composed of German exiles and war prisoners, amongst them a great-grandson of Bismarck, he has

offered a relatively conservative social program to Germany, asking merely for the withdrawal of the German armies behind the German borders.

## II

It is ridiculous to say that we cannot foresee what may develop in Germany. We can see nothing through to the end, but we can at least analyze the forces that will be at work there, their social composition and their tactics.

Assuming that the moment comes when the army and a majority of the Germans realize that the war is lost, the aims of the different classes, interests and ideologies that have slumbered under ten years of tyranny will come to the surface. The conflict between them will be what we call chaos, but it will rapidly become organized chaos. Our failure to make up our minds regarding with what elements of this “chaos” we intend to deal, and what it is that we hope will emerge from it, can put us in an impossible situation.

There will be two things in which all groups will be unanimous: the undismembered unity of Germany and hostility against prolonged occupation, especially one of such nature that it takes over

and attempts to control civilian life.

The recognition of the latter is something that is obviously worrying Mr. Churchill, even if it isn't worrying the Amtorg — the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories. Mr. Churchill, in his speech of June 27, said candidly that he feared Anglo-American "Gauleiters" would have approximately the same effect on enemy populations that what we might call the Namgot — the Nazi government of Occupied Territories — has had in the rest of Europe. Mr. Churchill, who is a man of imagination and intellect, is completely correct.

There will be uniform hostility to national dismemberment, uniform hostility to allied authorities assuming the functions of the displaced Nazi régime, but in other things the various groups will be in conflict. Let us try to see what these groups and alignments will be. It is not so difficult as people will have us believe. For the conflict will arise out of social forces, with the composition of which we are familiar, and which we can assume will behave according to the pattern set by their natures.

The first preoccupation of all possessing or socially established castes and classes of people is al-

ways, under all circumstances, the maintenance of the social order and of control over it. This preoccupation is of a different nature, however, in a society which has already undergone two wars, two revolutions, inflation and every kind of economic crisis in the course of which the entire liberal system of economics as it is known in the Western democracies has been destroyed and lost its meaning. Even among the possessing classes of Germany the opposition to socialism has been greatly weakened, in particular among their youth. These classes will fear anarchy, looting, pillage, disorder, will want to keep authority in their hands, sharing it only with those over whom they can exercise influence, while maintaining law and order and such property interests as it is possible to salvage.

They will place their confidence in the Army, and will be supported by the churches, both Protestant and Catholic, the peasants and all the other naturally conservative elements.

We must constantly remember that the reaction of these classes cannot be compared with similar reactions in the Western democracies, or even in Italy. They, like everybody else in Germany, have had a revolutionary experience,

and have learned from it. They understand the course that revolutions take. They have been made intelligent, not stupid, by much suffering and horrifying dangers; they will know absolutely that this is their last chance before their exit from the scene of history, which will be certain if they fail; they already comprehend that there is a revolutionary situation, *and they will attempt to capture, control and direct the revolution.*

They will have the following tasks: first, to divide the ranks of the industrial workers, from whom might stem a violent rebellion, and, second, to get acceptable terms from the Allies. The first will be dependent on the second.

If and when the German situation reaches a state approximating that of Italy when Badoglio took over the power, it is my firm conviction that the German Badoglio will behave quite differently and much more intelligently. Badoglio did not put himself at the head of any real movement in Italy. His entire stock in trade consisted of curfew, martial law, military rule and the legitimacy of the King. The German Badoglio will have no King. And he will create, in advance of any coup, a political power, and a socio-political program, designed to appeal to most Germans.

This will have to go so far that the extremely radical elements amongst the German workers will appear as an undisguised public nuisance.

The country will be sick of war and sick of the disorders that war always causes. This will be a factor in favor of this group. They will therefore set up a government, which will include representatives of opinion from moderate socialists to non-Nazi conservatives, and proclaim a program which will almost certainly include the following:

Honorable peace and the retention of the sovereign power of a unified Germany;

Dissolution of all Nazi organizations, abolition of all Nazi laws, and restoration of the pre-Nazi independent courts;

Re-establishment of representative government, under democratic elections;

Social control, in one form or another, over big industries;

Large scale reconstruction work programs, and extended social security;

A clear statement that the New German Democracy intends to live at peace with all the world, and an offer of collaboration in maintaining that peace.

This group knows perfectly well

that German "militarism" will not be acceptable anywhere. They will, therefore, not put a military figure at the head of the government, though the Wehrmacht will be its chief supporter. They cannot make a coalition of parties, since parties do not exist, and this will give them freedom in the selection of personnel. They might pick out of concentration camp to head the government, a non-political figure of great international influence and spiritual power, like Pastor Niemöller. They would certainly exhume from obscurity certain Social-Democratic leaders like Paul Loebe, once President of the Reichstag, or Severing, former Prussian Minister of the Interior, both of whom are free in Germany, or Rudolph Breitscheid, who miraculously escaped death and prison when delivered into German hands by the French, apparently spared for some future purpose. They might bring home the former Catholic Chancellor Wirth, from neutral Switzerland, where he has stayed throughout the war, giving no aid or comfort to either side. But we may count upon it that it will be a left-wing liberal government in all its socio-economic formulations. For only such a government would have the faintest chance.

Assuming that such a government, with the Reichswehr intact, is able to win and hold popular support, what proposition will they make to the allies?

### III

That, I think, can also be prophesied, though it will depend upon the military situation of Germany at the moment. They will have much to offer, especially a strong military power, for the defeat of which the British and Americans must sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives. To make it stronger, the German High Command can order a deep retreat from Russia, thus freeing additional divisions for the West, after turning the territory through which they retreat into a no-man's land, blowing up railroads and communications. Such a retreat would insure them for some time to come against a successful Russian offensive, for the advancing Russians would have to rebuild their lines.

The continuation then, of the war from the West, would have two consequences, and the new government would tell the world what the consequences would be. First, they would admit that the Red Army was advancing into Europe, and declare themselves powerless to

stop it even at their own borders, unless they have peace.

Second, they would say that they cannot prevent a revolutionary disintegration inside Germany unless they have peace.

Third, they would assert that a peace which means the occupation and control of Germany will not be accepted by the people, and that if they offer it they will be overthrown.

Fourth, they will offer to assist in the punishment of Hitler and his gang, either by delivering them or by liquidating them themselves.

Fifth, they will propose withdrawal of their armies from all territories except those that are between them and the Russian army, offering in peace to guarantee the integrity of the Russian frontier and restore Poland and the Baltic states.

The impression on the Western world of such proposals will be strengthened by the truth of two claims. The Russian armies will be advancing toward the heart of Europe, and Germany will be threatened by a radical revolution, with good chances of its spreading like wildfire.

Let us now consider the social structure and situation of other groups in Germany.

The kernel of these are the indus-

trial workers, who are all more or less socialist, but of many shades. It is true that they have lost the greater part of their former leadership, but it is likewise true that the older workers, those above forty, have lived through the revolution of 1918 and through the Nazi revolution, and have had revolutionary training and experience, and the wisdom and shrewdness that comes from having once been defeated. Thus the fight between the revolutionary groups and the anti-revolutionary forces will be between groups, both of whom thoroughly understand revolutionary tactics.

The strongest appeal common to all the workers will be peace. Presuming that the Nazi overthrow occurs, the conservative forces will be able to hold power only if they get peace, and get it quickly. In this case they may be able to rally part of the workers to a radical-liberal democratic program, and isolate the others.

If they fail to get peace on such terms the revolutionary situation among the workers will accelerate like plants in a hothouse, and spread to larger areas of the population.

Three main workers' groups have to be considered. First, the older workers, with their political train-



ing and their theoretical Marxian socialist education. Second, the youth of the working class, mobilized to a large extent in the armed forces, unclear in their radicalism, but subject to emotional reactions. Third, foreign labor, who constitute half the working class.

The radical older workers know one thing. If you give pardon in a revolution and take your opponents into camp with you, you will be cheated and the revolution will be lost. That is the main experience of 1918. They know, furthermore, that if they do not succeed in getting power in an early stage, and if they believe in promises, they will also be cheated later on. That has been their social experience. Finally, they know that the first ideological attack must be made on the armed forces. They must win over their sons.

All German youth has swallowed a lot of radical phraseology from Nazism. It will be easy to inflame them and create out of them a revolutionary vanguard, trained as they are in the use of every weapon and prepared to disregard their lives, in a moment when impending defeat has betrayed all their ideals. The German manifesto issued from Moscow which instructed these soldiers of the workers not to lay down their arms, but to keep

them, march back to the homeland, and seize power, is not to be treated lightly.

The foreign worker in Germany has an entirely different psychology. However radical a German worker may be, he wants to construct a future for himself, his class, and his family, in his nation. The foreign worker, be he Pole, Frenchman, Dutchman, or Czech, wants something else. He wants to get home, nor does he care about the future of his enemy's country. On the other hand, it will be impossible to repatriate ten to twelve million workers in a few days, or weeks, or even months. And in the meantime, the foreign worker will be in the same boat with the German, and the best he can hope for is to share his fate with that of the German worker. So there will be enormous fraternization. But the foreign worker will have no such feeling of national defeat as the German, no feeling of inferiority, and no sense of responsibility. On the contrary, he will belong to the victors, and he will turn with utmost recklessness against those who have been his oppressors. These are not, in his direct experience, the Nazi Party only, but the army that defeated his country and the industrial employers for whom he has been forced to slave.

Without any doubt, this foreign element amongst German labor will increase the revolutionary trend in an anarchical direction. They will strike, riot, and, if there is an open rebellion, the new German government will fear to shoot them down, for they belong to the victor nations from whom they hope to obtain a good peace.

In this revolution, apart from the cry for peace, there will be two trends: the one, ideologically communist; the other, a movement of violent revenge against the whole existing society — bolshevism, without intellectual discipline.

The Communist Party in Germany has been suppressed and persecuted for ten years, and although it has undoubtedly retained a few bones of the skeleton of an underground organization, we cannot, from what we know, assume that it has any organized and disciplined structure.

Therefore there will be no brakes, not even Moscow's, on this revolutionary automobile. It may be partly in anticipation of this eruption of events that Stalin officially dissolved the Comintern, in order to be able to wash his hands of developments.

That will be the situation confronting the new German government and the Allies.

#### IV

Under these circumstances, what becomes of Unconditional Surrender? Let me recapitulate: The Nazi régime has fallen; the German army is still intact, but has withdrawn in the East to a wholly defensive position, a radical-liberal government, in Western terms, headed by some impeccable character, has offered peace and evacuation of all occupied territories, and a violent and curbless revolution is rising. Now what do we say? "We demand unconditional surrender, otherwise we march ahead"?

The consequence is clear. The revolution will win, the front, perhaps after a bloody struggle to defend the homeland, will collapse, and the Allies will march in.

Just how will American and British officers and men, picked from good bourgeois families, administer this revolution?

They will be there, among other things, to keep law and order. Will we shoot the leaders of the revolution that our own policy has put into power? What will our Russian ally think of that? What will we do with the ten million rebellious foreigners, whom we have come to liberate? How long will we risk having the rank and file of American soldiers in such an atmosphere?

Is revolution not contagious?

If we intend to establish law and order, on a democratic-parliamentarian basis, will we call back German officers to help us keep it, and mobilize the conservative forces with whom we previously refused to deal? And might we not then find ourselves caught in a civil war, suppressing the forces which our policy called into being?

The dilemma into which we are marching will be the result of the inflexibility of our policy, and our failure to develop any revolutionary political strategy of our own. We are waging a war, revolutionary in all its implications, as though it were an old-fashioned struggle for national power.

At the very outset of the war, we should have enunciated clearly the purpose for which we were fighting, the kind of Germany, Italy and Europe, that we wanted to see. For a *policy* we could have asked unconditional surrender. But without a policy, unconditional surrender is meaningless and can even be catastrophic.

There are some who fear that Russia will make a separate peace. I do not think so, even if the German troops withdraw entirely from Russian territory.

For Russia will not give away one iota of the fruits of a total victory.

Neither will Russia take the responsibility for the revolution. Russia will stick to the formula of her alliance with us. If a new government makes such an offer as the one I have described, Russia will not reject it. She will say, "We stand by the decision of Washington and London." That will put the revolution right in our laps.

And it will be we who will have the nice task of bombing civilian Germany and a liberal government into submission, while Russia is engaged in the revolutionary disintegration of the German army.

This article is written in the moment when we enter the revolutionary phase of this war. It is the very last moment to create a policy for this new phase of warfare. The ideas projected by Kingsbury Smith in this magazine, as reports of Our Government's Plans for Defeated Germany and Italy (August issue), are the plans of men who think as though history were a chess board, on which men and nations can be moved according to pre-established rules.

The drama which confronts us is Shakespearean. No "experts" will graph its outcome. That will be determined, either by men of heroic mold, cold intelligence, and great insight and vision, or by the blind conflict of masses and forces.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO

BY ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

**S**MOKING causes high blood pressure. . . . The best way to quiet your nerves is to smoke a cigarette. . . . If a nursing mother smokes too much, her baby will be restless and irritable. . . .

Myths and legends like these dissolve in the cold light of medical research. On the average, the smoker's blood pressure is no higher than the nonsmoker's. There is no scientific proof that smoking quiets the nerves. Babies of mothers who smoke are as healthy and happy as other babies.

The use of tobacco doubled during the last war and it has been steadily increasing ever since. This nation is now consuming nearly 200 billion cigarettes yearly — two packages a week for every man and woman. If the present war accelerates the trend, is there reason to be alarmed? This question can now be answered by a critical study of the latest scientific investigations.

Years ago there was a general

impression among doctors that smoking caused low blood pressure. Dr. Wingate M. Johnson, a noted internist of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and himself a nonsmoker, set out to see if there was any basis for this opinion. He selected a group of 150 habitual smokers and compared their blood pressure with that of 150 nonsmokers of corresponding age, sex and body build. If smoking had an effect on blood pressure, it should show up in a series of this size. He reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1929 that the average blood pressure of tobacco users was 128 systolic and 79 diastolic, of abstainers 130/79. For practical purposes, the two averages are identical.

A much more elaborate study has provided ample confirmation of Johnson's findings. Drs. James J. Short, Harry J. Johnson and Harold A. Ley of the Life Extension Examiners in New York in-

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investigated the smoking habits of nearly 1800 comparatively healthy insurance policyholders who reported for annual physical examination. Writing in the *Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine* in 1939, they stated that the average blood pressure of 1292 habitual smokers was 121/78 as compared with 121/76 for 496 nonusers. Dr. Arthur M. Fishberg of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York has devoted a lifetime to the study of high blood pressure and his book on hypertension is a medical classic. In his opinion, the use of tobacco is not a factor in the causation of abnormal blood pressure.

The belief some doctors have held that smoking brings on hypertension is based on the observation that smoking may cause a temporary rise in blood pressure. For most people, this effect is slight and disappears in fifteen to forty-five minutes. Blood pressure rises in response to many stimuli — excitement, a disturbing noise, an unpleasant thought. Drs. E. A. Hines and Grace Roth of the Mayo Clinic found that the rise in blood pressure following the smoking of a cigarette was of the same order as that produced by these other stimuli. A few persons whose blood pressure rises excessively due to minor irritations showed an inordi-

nate rise after smoking, but even this extreme response is transitory. It is theoretically possible, of course, for continuous smoking to produce enough elevation of the blood pressure to cause hypertension, but practically this has not been demonstrated. Dr. Fishberg has observed that the majority of heavy smokers have normal blood pressure even after years of over-indulgence.

It is wise for people who have high blood pressure to smoke only in moderation or not at all. Their blood pressure is already so high it should be kept from going higher if possible. Smoking should be reduced to a minimum for the same reason that anger and other emotional strains must be avoided.

## II

Smoking does not quiet the nerves no matter what the advertisements may say. Only 3.8 per cent of the nonsmokers studied by Drs. Short, Johnson and Ley admitted that they were nervous, while 6.7 per cent of the smokers had this complaint. This does not mean that smoking causes nervousness. Their report suggests that nervous people try to find an outlet through smoking.

Does moderate smoking ad-

versely affect childbearing? Ninety-nine of 100 leading obstetricians recently answered this question in the negative. The *Journal of the Michigan Medical Society* quotes a prominent specialist, Dr. Potter of Buffalo, who answered "no" to this question and then added, "Being a nonsmoker myself I have looked for bad effects both as to milk supply and poorly developed children, but after a long period of observation I failed to find any injurious results." According to Dr. M. J. Chiasson, pipe smoking was a universal custom among early French settlers on Cape Breton Island. The excessive use of tobacco by both men and women did not impair fertility and large families were the rule. Some women had as many as seventeen children and families of twelve to fifteen were common. Moreover, a nursing bottle was unheard of among these hardy French settlers.

Does the milk from a mother who smokes harm the nursling? Drs. H. Harris Perlman and Arthur N. Dannenberg, Philadelphia pediatricians, puzzled over this question for years. They wondered if the isolated reports of unfavorable reactions really applied to the average woman. Their conclusions reached after three years of exhaustive study were reported at

the last meeting of the American Medical Association. Dozens of nursing mothers gladly volunteered for the experiment. They continued their usual smoking habits and each day specimens of milk were analyzed. The exact quantity of nicotine in the milk was determined by a tedious new test. On the average, milk from occasional smokers contained 1.4 parts of nicotine in 10,000,000. There were 4.7 parts per 10,000,000 in milk from heavy smokers.

Drs. Perlman and Dannenberg discovered that the mothers who smoked were just as successful in nursing their babies as were the nonsmokers. Even for the heavy smokers, the quantity of nicotine that entered the milk was infinitesimal and had absolutely no effect on the infants. The babies were cheerful and gained normally in weight. Disturbances of digestion and irritability were no more frequent in these children than in babies whose mothers did not smoke.

Do you remember your first futile puffs on grandpa's pipe? The chances are you were so dizzy and sick you wished you would die. The effects of smoking are largely due to the nicotine contained in the smoke. The reactions are greater if the smoke is inhaled; but

even if no conscious inhalation occurs, enough nicotine is absorbed to produce some impression. In most cases, the unpleasant effects of nicotine absorption disappear if the novice continues to smoke, because his body gradually develops a tolerance for nicotine. A confirmed smoker may become dizzy with his first morning smoke. As the day goes on, there is a return of his tolerance — partly lost during the night. A few people are sensitive to tobacco smoke possibly because their tolerance never fully develops. A cigar or cigarette makes their blood pressure and pulse shoot sky high. Diarrhea and vomiting sometimes occur. Palpitation due to rapid or irregular heart action may be a distressing symptom. These are warning signals and the person who repeatedly shows signs of tobacco sensitivity should discontinue its use.

Tars and other substances in tobacco smoke are irritating to the nose and throat. Cigarette manufacturers are waging a minor battle as to which brand is the least harmful. All types of cigars, cigarettes or pipe tobaccos bring about some throat irritation. Most doctors agree that such symptoms as coughs and nasal irritation are more common among smokers than they are among nonsmokers. The morning

cough of heavy smokers is well known. There is no evidence that these complaints result in serious harm.

The belief that the irritating tars of tobacco smoke cause cancer is based on two types of clinical observation. Cancer develops in laboratory animals if coal tar is applied continuously to their skins. Prolonged studies with tobacco tar have been undertaken at the University of Kansas, the Cancer Memorial Hospital in New York, the University of Chicago and Birmingham University in England. Reports from these institutions show that tobacco tar does not contain the same cancer-producing substance found in coal tar. Moreover, even with heavy smoking, the tar is not applied continuously to the body tissues.

The other observation about smoking and cancer is more pertinent. Occasionally a cancer of the lip appears at the exact spot where a pipe or cigar was habitually held. The constant pressure of a pipe or cigar carried in one position could conceivably cause enough irritation to result in the formation of a cancerous growth in a susceptible person. On a statistical basis, the relationship between smoking and cancer is less definite. In 1941 Drs. John H. Lamb and William E.



Eastland of the University of Oklahoma summarized their experience in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Their study of 318 persons with cancer of the lip showed that three-fifths of them were nonsmokers.

There is no clear evidence that smoking causes heart trouble. Smoking is such a common practice — 60–80 per cent of adults indulge — that it is easy to make false conclusions. A man who smoked fifteen cigars a day for twenty years suddenly developed terrifying attacks of heart pain on exertion — angina pectoris. We might be tempted to say that excessive smoking was responsible for his heart disease, but we do not know what would have happened to the man if he had been a nonsmoker. Many victims of angina have never smoked in their lives.

Dr. Paul D. White of Boston and Dr. Frederick N. Willius of the Mayo Clinic are among the country's best-known heart specialists. Both have long been disturbed because they didn't know the exact rôle tobacco played in the causation of heart disease. Some years ago Dr. White analyzed 1500 records. Exactly half of these people had angina pectoris. The other half were healthy persons of the same age and sex. Fifty-four per cent of

the heart patients and 63 per cent of the normal people were smokers. A few years later Dr. Willius conducted a similar analysis involving 2000 persons. He found that 70 per cent of the patients with this type of heart disease and 66 per cent of normal people were smokers. Both reports appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and both doctors are sincere and honest investigators. Take your choice. The fact that one study showed a slight difference in one direction, and the other a slight difference in the opposite direction, warrants the conclusion that the use of tobacco is an unimportant factor in the causation of heart disease.

Although smoking is not the underlying cause of angina pectoris, there have been a number of cases in which it is the precipitating cause of an attack. In this disease, the heart is already seriously impaired. Any factor such as exercise or emotion which increases the work of the heart can result in an attack of pain. Smoking causes a temporary increase in the work of the heart by raising the blood pressure and quickening the heart rate. Therefore patients with angina pectoris should avoid tobacco just as they should avoid overwork or anger.

Smoking has been blamed as the cause of hardening of the arteries, so frequently associated with angina and high blood pressure. At the 1941 meeting of the American Heart Association, Drs. Michael Lake, Gerald H. Pratt and Irving S. Wright of Columbia University reported that hardening of the arteries is no more common among smokers than it is among those who have never used tobacco. Their investigation was conducted among nearly 600 employes of a large department store. Elaborate tests were used to detect the presence of even a slight degree of hardening of the arteries.

### III

There is no unanimity of opinion among doctors as to the relationship between smoking and ulcer of the stomach or duodenum. Unfortunately, there have been no large scale statistical studies like those reported for blood pressure or angina. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* reminds us that "in many of the most difficult ulcer cases tobacco has never been used." Occasionally, smoking aggravates ulcer symptoms. When that happens, the person with an ulcer should heed the warning and quit smoking at once.

Once an ulcer has developed, an increase in the normal stomach acid irritates the ulcer, producing abdominal distress. Many factors contribute to this increase in acid, but smoking is not a major cause. This has been proved by Dr. A. C. Ivy, professor of Physiology at Northwestern University. He gave test meals to a number of healthy medical students and another group of patients with ulcers. After the meal, the subjects smoked four cigarettes in two hours. Only 5 per cent of the ulcer patients and 2 per cent of the medical students showed an increase in their stomach acid. At a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. Ivy remarked, "The habitual user of tobacco experiences a certain pleasure, a reposeful euphoria . . . which favors digestive activities as long as the limit of tolerance is not too closely approached." Maybe there's something to the claim that smoking aids digestion.

Of all the diseases once said to be due to the use of tobacco, only two remain for which such claims seem to be justified. One of these, amblyopia, dimness of vision, may progress to total blindness. Most of the victims of this rare disease are smokers. Its progress is often stopped and recovery may occur if the patient gives up smoking.

The use of tobacco probably contributes to the development of Buerger's disease — another rare malady. About 99 per cent of persons afflicted with it are smokers. Even so, all doctors are not convinced that the use of tobacco is a cause. The disease is made worse by smoking and it may be greatly relieved if smoking is discontinued.

The late Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University discovered that the death rate of moderate smokers was slightly higher than that of nonsmokers. The death rate of heavy smokers was higher still. Based on his observations of 6800 men, Dr. Pearl constructed a life table from which he predicted the mortality experience for three hypothetical groups of 100,000 persons, all age thirty. By the time they reached the age of seventy, about 54,000 of the original group of 100,000 nonsmokers and 58,500 of the moderate smokers would be dead. This represents an increase of 8 per cent in the death rate of moderate smokers as compared with nonsmokers. At age seventy, nearly 70,000 of the 100,000 heavy smokers would be dead, showing an increase in death rate over nonsmokers of 30 per cent. Other factors may have contributed to the high mortality of heavy smokers. Temperament, emotional drive, busi-

ness worries and a host of similar strains cause some people to become heavy smokers. These same factors often promote the development of serious diseases in this group of individuals, whose death rate would be high.

Most insurance companies no longer inquire into the smoking habits of an applicant for life insurance. If they regarded the use of tobacco *per se* as an important factor in high death rates, they would not abandon this question.

If you are in good health, and use tobacco moderately you needn't worry much about your smoking. If you have high blood pressure, angina pectoris; or ulcer, let your doctor decide the question. If smoking causes palpitation or makes you nauseated, you ought to quit. If you have a distressing morning cough, a few days without smoking may cure it. If you are still concerned, see your doctor. He can estimate your sensitiveness to nicotine by testing the effect of smoking on your pulse and blood pressure.

It is easy for reformers to dismiss the tobacco problem by saying, "Smoking never did anyone any good," but the satisfaction that millions of confirmed smokers derive from a cigarette, pipe or cigar must not be overlooked.

► *Surface troubles hide  
from view*

## THE MIRACLE OF AMERICAN PRODUCTION

BY BURNHAM FINNEY

Editor and publisher of *American Machinist*

THE history of popular American awareness of wartime production may be boiled down to three stages. First there was consternation over the size of the task set before the country. Then came prideful joy in the realization that it was being brilliantly carried out. And now, in the third stage, there is a casual, almost bored acceptance of the industrial victory — the miracle has become so familiar that it no longer seems extraordinary. Disturbances on the home front, slight and temporary recessions in output, are naturally highlighted in the press, and tend to blur the positive side of the story. As one who has watched the amazing industrial spectacle from a front-row seat, as it were, the writer wishes to bring the facts into clear focus again.

The one undisputed and overwhelming fact is that America since Pearl Harbor has witnessed an unprecedented production miracle. Twenty months after that tragic event, our factories are pouring out

guns and planes and ships and a thousand instruments of war for the United Nations at a rate far exceeding our entire national output in any year in the fabulous twenties. Every month we are now producing war goods, measured in dollars and cents, equivalent to constructing fifteen TVA's.

And the peak has not been reached. Not until the end of this year will American industry hit its full stride in war production, and then it will be in a position to maintain a dizzy pace as long as necessary. America's ability to produce has amazed not only Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, but America itself. Industry's performance, in sober fact, has surprised industry itself. It had not fully appreciated its own untapped powers.

Perhaps the most spectacular case is that of synthetic rubber. Japan believed that to deprive us of natural rubber would be to cripple our transportation and block our building of a mammoth war machine. Her leaders, however,

failed to reckon with American industrial resourcefulness. We started literally from zero to build a new industry vital to our successful prosecution of the war. Almost within a year's time the biggest chemical business in history, costing three-quarters of a billion dollars, was made available. Before the end of 1944 there will no longer be a rubber problem in the United States. We shall be able to turn out tires at a rate of one a second or better, and we shall have enough rubber for other purposes.

Detroit means automobiles to most Americans. It is the capital of the country's greatest mass-production industry. But it no longer makes automobiles. Major General Levin H. Campbell, Jr., Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army, has described it as "the backbone of our ordnance production." It is more than that. It is the powerhouse of our war production program. General Motors, for instance, has become the country's largest manufacturer of war goods.

The automotive industry has gone "all-out" for war with a burst of activity that dwarfs any of its previous performances. In its best years it never built more than five and a half million passenger cars and trucks; it only got above the five-million mark three times. But

it is today supplying the United Nations with armament *at a rate equal to the production of twenty million automobiles a year*. War goods produced by this industry in a single year are equivalent to two-thirds of all the motor cars and trucks owned in this country.

At the war's start our merchant shipbuilding industry was virtually flat on its back. The cargo ship construction program under way was a puny affair. Since then old yards have been enlarged, abandoned yards have been rehabilitated, new facilities have been created, and the outpouring of ships to carry the necessities of war to the battlefronts and to our allies is of almost unbelievable magnitude. Imagine being able to build a *Normandie*, giant of the seas, every two and a half days! That is what we are doing, in effect. That is what the merchant tonnage being put into service by our private shipyards adds up to.

We thought that we did a pretty good job in World War I; in 1918, when the submarine menace was most critical, we constructed under two million tons of merchant ships. But our goal in 1943 is twenty million tons — more than ten times the record in the previous war — and we are sure to reach it. On top of this total, the shipbuilding in-

dustry bears the chief burden of constructing warships to make our two-ocean navy a reality. Publication of figures on warship completions is no longer permissible, but it can be said that private yards are busy with battleships, cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, escort vessels and smaller craft on a scale never before approached. Nor should the herculean ship-repair service be overlooked. Two yards alone have handled in one year over 12,000 ships needing repairs. Some of these ships had been broken squarely in two and had to be put back together again.

In the spring of 1940 the shortage of powder-making capacity, particularly for smokeless powder, was so acute that it gave our top military men many sleepless nights. At one time our facilities reached such low ebb that we could supply only a pitifully small army. Today, thanks to the far-reaching production program, we have available enough facilities to make all the powder required by all the armies of the world. And that is the story, endlessly reiterated, on every other bottleneck item.

Making possible this incomparable record of achievement are three factors: equipment, materials and manpower.

The first thing we had to do was

to tool up for war, by converting machinery in existing plants and building new factories from the ground up. Fortunately we possessed a machine tool industry surpassing in size and technical development that in any other country in the world. It went to work immediately. It stretched its output beyond anything it ever had dreamed of, building machines on which war goods are made. It will have shipped by the end of this year, since January 1, 1941, over three billion dollars worth of machines. In an average peacetime year its shipments run around one hundred million dollars. The machine tool industry has not only girded our own factories for war but contributed extensively to the plants of England, Canada, Australia and Russia. In so doing it has deliberately stripped itself of its markets after the war, because most of the wartime tools it has turned out can be adapted to manufacture of civilian goods.

## II

Raw materials productive capacity, totally inadequate for a global war, came in for its full share of expansion. In three years so much new steel-making was added to the steel industry that the additional

capacity was the equivalent of building a new steel industry about two-thirds the size of Britain's. We now have within our borders well over half the steel-making facilities of the entire world, and more is still under construction. Alloy steel capacity has been increased 140 per cent; this alloy steel enables us to turn out weapons and vehicles that are stronger, lighter, tougher and have a greater margin of safety than those of our enemies.

At the time of Pearl Harbor Germany was far ahead of us in the production of magnesium, which is so desirable in airplane manufacture because of its lightness. We seemed hopelessly outclassed. But Hitler no longer has his boasted lead over us. Our facilities have been enlarged so rapidly that today, as one war official expresses it, "we have magnesium sticking out of our ears." With some modifications we are in the same enviable situation in regard to aluminum. Our capacity is now seven-fold what it was a short time ago, and we have enough aluminum to build well over one hundred thousand planes a year.

Transformation of the country from a peace to a war economy meant not only tremendous additions of machines and materials

facilities to those already in place, but also a construction program never before approached in size. The Ordnance Department of the Army has a series of sprawling plants, mostly between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, to make shell, tanks, powder, ammunition and other ordnance items and to load shell. All of them have been built since war struck. The Navy owns hundreds of plants operating full tilt on war goods, all new in this war. Expenditures for plants and equipment were so huge, up until this year, that their total came to almost 10 per cent of all munitions produced, figured on a dollar basis.

Manpower has not proved so troublesome as first anticipated until comparatively recently, though it has necessarily created many problems. For one thing, mass production lends itself admirably to quick training of workers. Jobs formerly done by skilled men can be broken down into their component parts with a man assigned to do only one repetitive operation. In that way "green" help can be taught to run a machine in a few weeks. A constantly growing proportion of automatic or semi-automatic machinery and equipment also reduces the need for skill. The result is that our war

shops today are filled with men who never before had seen a lathe or a drill press or had a speaking acquaintance with common shop tools.

Woman power should share the credit for boosting production up to its present dizzy level. While we have not been compelled to go to the lengths reported in England and in Russia, some 35 per cent of our war workers are women. In some war plants, including a new one making aircraft engine superchargers, 75 to 80 per cent of all the factory employees are women.

Putting its mind and energy onto war production to the exclusion of everything else, American industry has done many remarkable things along the road to higher output. It has subcontracted parts and subassemblies and complete assemblies, fanning out work so that it takes in the small as well as the large shops and so that every community is affected. It has developed new and better weapons, with the active cooperation of the Army and the Navy, and has improved the design and manufacture of older weapons. It has substituted less critical for the more critical materials. Many times it has lowered costs of production.

You may remember the in-

credulity with which President Roosevelt's statement was greeted when he said in the spring of 1940 that America must build 50,000 planes. The figure was so fantastically high that it sounded a bit like a pipedream. Today it is more than a reality, because we are making over 8000 planes a month, at a rate, that is, of almost 100,000 a year. Imagine all the military planes made in the United States in 1943 in a row on the ground, wing to wing. Imagine that you are rushing past that line in the Twentieth Century Limited. It would take you sixteen hours to pass them all! And numbers alone don't indicate the full magnitude of the fact, since the average weight per plane has risen sharply, now that bombers make up a higher proportion.

### III

The fluidity of war makes necessary emphasis first on one weapon and then on another. A single battle or a campaign reveals a weakness in a plane or a tank that must be remedied immediately if superiority is to be ours. Improved designs cannot wait for the next yearly model; they must be incorporated in the weapon right away. This fluidity of war enormously compli-



cates the manufacturing tasks. Production processes must be sufficiently frozen to permit large quantities of a product to be made, but not solidly frozen so that shifts become impossible.

To help solve this tough problem, modification centers have been established for aircraft. Certain special equipment is essential if a bomber is to be stationed in the cold, fog-bound Aleutians; different equipment is needed if it is to be based in the tropical islands of the Southwest Pacific or in the sands of North Africa. Accordingly planes come off the assembly line in California, let us say, and are flown to an Arizona modification center where they are tailored to the specifications of the region to which they are to be assigned. Modification centers have been established for tanks too.

When America tackled the task of equipping its forces and those of its allies, its first job was that of filling up the "pipelines" extending from our factories to the various fronts around the world. Moreover, the millions in training in this country had to be provided with rifles instead of wood dummies and with tanks instead of trucks marked "tank." After the "pipelines" are full, we shall have to put in at the factory end only

what flows out at the battle end. That will reduce production to a replacement basis. The "pipelines" will not be filled until sometime in 1944, though they won't be far from that satisfactory state at the end of this year. Because they started much earlier than we did, both Germany and England have already reached that state. When the war with Germany ends victoriously, the "pipeline" of war goods extending from America to Europe and Africa will be bulging. All of the content, needless to say, then can be transferred to the Pacific theater where it can be put to use against the Japanese.

There undoubtedly has been some overbuilding of war plants and some piling up of certain weapons that may never be used; and in the months ahead we may make many more of some items than we ever shall employ in combat. But war officials and industry itself have in mind the indisputable fact that victory goes to the side that has too much rather than to the side that has too little.

As the end of our second year of direct participation in the war draws near, our production of war goods is of a magnitude that Hitler and Tojo didn't think possible, otherwise they would not have tempted fate by challenging

us to make such an effort. Today "the arsenal of democracy" is more than a high-sounding phrase. It is an actuality. It is large enough and producing fast enough to supply all the anti-Axis world.

Though peak production is not yet attained, we are definitely over the hump. The United States alone is outstripping the rest of the world combined. In the brief space of three years, and mostly since Pearl Harbor, we have not only caught up with and passed Germany's rate of output, leaving her far behind, but also turned out more goods than she has been able to accumulate in the last decade. As for Japan, her production of course is only a fraction of ours.

Wars are won by fighting men on the field of battle and at sea and in the air. But they cannot be won unless these fighting men can be provided with superior equipment in ample quantities. The workshops of America are now

seeing to it that the fighting men of the United Nations get that equipment. Man for man, the production per manhour in the United States far surpasses that of any other nation. The reason for this is the high degree of mechanization of our industries and our skill, acquired in making automobiles and other products, in flowing materials through the shop at the right time and at the right place.

Such is the over-all picture. It is the magnificent and unchanging reality behind the shifting façade of the news, good and bad. Whether victories are scored in the Mediterranean or on the Russian fronts, on the high seas or in the scattered islands of the Pacific, American industry shares the glory. The products of America's genius for organization and mass production are everywhere, and everywhere they turn the tide of struggle in our favor.



A State which dwarfs its men in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished.

— JOHN STUART MILL

# THE EXTRAORDINARY HENRY WALLACE

BY ROBERT HUMPHREYS

**I**F the 1940 Democratic Convention thought it was nominating another Throttlebottom when it chose Henry Agard Wallace for Vice-President, that illusion has by now been thoroughly dispelled. Here is one Vice-President who lives and labors in the torrid zone of controversy; who plays no easy waiting game against the day when fate might precipitate him bodily into the White House. Instead, from him flows a stream of sincere and righteous proposals that have an unfailing way of stirring both bitter attack and passionate defense strange to the traditional obscurity of the office which he holds. On one hand, some of the most robust Roosevelt haters pray daily for the chief executive's health because they are petrified by the thought of Wallace in the Presidency. On the other, countless Americans find that Wallace, in some vague emotional fashion, expresses their aspi-

rations; while outside our frontiers millions have come to regard this Iowa farmer as standard-bearer of a peculiarly American idealism.

To many in Washington, Wallace is enigma. Those who observe him first-hand have discovered that he does not fit easily into the extreme patterns drawn by his more earnest admirers and enemies. His versatility is dizzying. The hand that started out behind a plow has touched such a dissimilitude of subjects as ratios and wrestling, astronomy and Australian boomerangs, religion and popcorn diets, genetics and the art of tennis, world peace and the homemade mattress program.

In vested title, he has been a student, farmer, breeder, author, editor, cabinet member, Vice-President, good neighbor ambassador and head of the Board of Economic Warfare. At his present pace and the age of fifty-five, no

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one can safely venture that the end is yet in sight.

Wallace has a mind that is insatiable, a whippet-like curiosity and inexhaustible funds of energy. Those who have studied his capacity never cease to wonder at this man who started out more than twenty years ago to reform a grain of corn, ten years later was reforming American

agriculture, and presently is engaged in a personal campaign to reform the world.

If, as the savants of the Orient contend, all things ensue in trinity, then the Wallace dynasty qualifies. To consider one Henry Wallace, it is indispensable that three of them be examined; for Henry III is the sum of his progenitors.



HENRY A. WALLACE

*The world is his crystal*

He was born into a sturdy, God-fearing family of Iowa Republicans who had all felt the consuming urge at one time or another to take up the burden of the public weal. His grandfather, Henry Wallace I, first made his way in the world as a minister of the Gospel. He transferred his zeal to farming, the founding of a farm paper, and service on Theodore Roosevelt's Country Life Commission only when he became convinced that his duty to humanity lay in that direction.

Henry Wallace II, father of the present Vice-President, proved to be less an idealist than his splendid sire, but his tough practical nature and his influence in the corn belt through the family paper, *Wallace's Farmer*, successfully recommended him to Harding for Secretary of Agriculture, a post his son was to hold later under Roosevelt.

Henry Wallace III was influenced greatly by both men. His grandfather did not die until Wallace's twenty-eighth year and from this Iowa pioneer he assimilated the universal idealism which has so marked his recent public life. From his father, who died eight years later, he gained an odd streak of practicality that has enabled him to make more than a modest living in a hard-bitten world. In the veins of this progeny in the

third degree flows an admixture of Dutch, Scotch and Irish. The Celtic strain perhaps accounts for the almost religious fervor with which he approaches any undertaking, slight or cosmic.

In looks, Wallace more nearly resembles Hollywood's idea of a small-town pedagogue than a Vice-President. Any examination of his physical make-up which goes beyond the careless shock of gray mane, nondescript attire, and a shy, half-twisted grin, leaves the observer with a distinct feeling of having inspected a man with a "mission in life."

His outward naïveté, however, masks a most complex inner character. However analyzed, the fact always emerges that Wallace is endowed with a prime mover that demands ceaseless investigation, experimentation and change.

His fundamental passion to alter the *status quo* was first given outlet when Wallace, at the age of eight, began cross-breeding flowers as the result of walks and talks with George Washington Carver, Negro scientist and protégé of the family. Very early the wondrous relation of things to each other began to hew a deep path into his consciousness, and before long the fascination of the reciprocal structures embraced by mathematics started

him on a search for correlations in the economies of both Man and Nature that lasted until his fortieth year. In rapid succession, the cross-breeding of corn, corn-hog ratios, the relations of weather and planetary movement, the correlation of supply and demand, and the apposition of international credit and tariffs, gripped Wallace with burning intensity.

As often is the case with men of reformist propensities, Wallace frequently sought to impose his theories on the world at the earliest possible moment. Thus, possessed by the possibilities of ratios, he proposed in a book written in 1920 that the subject be taught in elementary schools. This book, *Agricultural Prices*, Wallace's first opus, was privately printed and is now difficult to obtain. He attempted to show by complicated formulae, charts and tables that a correlation existed between the Chicago hog market and the bank clearings outside of New York City. He now regards the volume as "pretty primitive."

Wallace's formal education, which culminated at Ames (Iowa) State Agricultural College, was marked by a youthful skepticism that took him into many bypaths, causing him to question everything from the stock-show method of judging

hogs to the endless exposition by Iowan ministers that God's omnipotence accounted for everything.

Because he was convinced that "a hog doesn't care how pretty corn is" by corn-show standards, he began a series of experiments that produced the famous Wallace Hy-Bred Corn, which has never been surpassed and which has been the main source of his income.

Because sermons came to bore him, he decided to part company with his family's traditional Presbyterianism, and after a typical and earnest shopping expedition, ended up in the High Episcopal Church.

The restlessness exhibited in his search for a religion has threaded Wallace's endeavors throughout his life. From the fried fare of the Iowa dinner table, Wallace first shifted to fasting, then to unusual diets based on milk and popcorn, soybeans and cottonseed meal, and eventually to vegetarianism. A foray into the mysteries of weather initially caused him to delve into cyclic theory, next to purchase a telescope to study planetary movement, and finally to make an exhaustive study of geocentric astronomy. An opportunity to throw boomerangs for exercise led him into research on the tribes who use them, thence to an exploratory

course in aerodynamic theory, and inevitably to attempts to make these primitive weapons perform differently than they do.

His varied excursions usually have been marked by stubborn refusal to concede that some things might better be accepted as he found them and left alone. As a result, Wallace has turned ceaselessly from one fruit on the tree of knowledge to another, frequently to his own confusion, and more often to the bewilderment of his admirers. They have never been quite certain whether Henry is a genius or simply a tinkerer on the titan scale. But they have always been able to find solace in his motives, however errant his search.

## II

The man who now espouses reform on a world-wide scale ripened into full maturity under the blazing sun of the New Deal revolution; but conversely, it was Henry Wallace who wrought much of the New Deal. They complemented one another, with Wallace offering unprecedented agrarian theories and the New Deal inculcating in him a new boldness that was to help break the conservative fetters which bound him to the farm belt.

Wallace's political thinking prior

to his ascension to President Roosevelt's cabinet in 1933 was largely abstract and for the most part shaped by his limited sphere of operation, namely, the editing of *Wallace's Farmer* to which he had succeeded when his father died in 1924. In labored editorials, he pleaded the historical case of agriculture for greater economic recognition, blaming high tariffs, post-war lending and an "unscrupulous, ignorant city press" for most of the farmer's tribulations.

A feud between the Wallace clan and Herbert Hoover dating back to the days when Henry II and Mr. Hoover were both in the Harding-Coolidge cabinet, gave impetus to a growing doubt of the Republicanism of his forebears. In 1928 it led Wallace to bolt to the cause of Alfred Emanuel Smith. The depression, which cost Wallace the family paper, clinched his metamorphosis into a Democrat and he became prominently engaged in trying to elect Mr. Roosevelt. His contributions to the campaign were not particularly important.

The arrival of Wallace on the Washington scene a year later as Roosevelt's Secretary of Agriculture marked the first shot in the agrarian revolution which immediately followed. Homespun Henry,

his plainly-dressed wife, Ilo, and their three children, made next to no impact on Washington's social convolutions, but that bothered them little then and hasn't since. Anyone around Wallace long enough to be part of his immediate family soon gets infected with the blessings of a simple life in which work comes first, learning second, religion third, and pleasure a poor fourth.

Wallace stepped off the train in 1933 with two plans for agriculture, one temporary, the other permanent. Back in 1920, he had written at length about the possibility of farmers "sabotaging" their product "in the same heartless, efficient way as labor and capital," and while frowning on it, he nevertheless suggested that "when farmers also practice sabotage, labor and capital will be forced to come to an agreement with farmers on production and price matters." His temporary plan embraced the expediency of that theory: the plowing under of 10,000,000 acres of cotton and the slaughter of 6,000,000 little pigs.

His permanent plan had actually begun taking form in his mind a dozen years before, when he stumbled onto a paper on the *Economic Principles of Confucius*, written by a Chinese student attending Co-

lumbia University. From this, and not from the Biblical Joseph as some have thought, Wallace got the idea for his Ever-Normal Granary, which Congress in 1938 finally superimposed on the Soil Conservation Act, successor to the AAA.

Through both of these programs — one of scarcity, the other of abundance — there ran the basic theme of Wallace's reform: more government subsidies for the farmer, but *only in exchange for increasing surrender to government control of production*. This revolutionary transfer of control from the individual to the state represented the sharpest break with *laissez-faire* economy in the first eight New Deal years.

Wallace was an active spokesman for the New Deal from the beginning, making speeches by the score, writing books, monographs and articles in an amazing sum. Yet he did not really become a full-blown New Dealer for many years. In the first Roosevelt administration, the Corcorans, Cohens, and Tugwells were far to the left of him in fields other than agrarian, mainly because Wallace was slow to break ties with the conservative Midwest of his youth. During the second administration, the transition in Wallace became more perceptible, but it was not until 1941 that he spread his wings and began to soar.



In *New Frontiers*, a book published in 1934, Wallace subscribed eloquently to the proclaimed cause of remembering the "forgotten man," but radical economic theories were still diluted with cautious compromise in every paragraph:

This [deficit spending] cannot go on indefinitely. . . . If the deficit continues too long, the unbalancing of the domestic budget may have an effect as serious as that of our continued foreign-loan and high tariff policy from 1920 to 1930.

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I see no reason why we in the United States should go into precise detailed planning except, perhaps, with respect to natural resources and to certain rather small segments of our national life on an emergency basis.

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The people of my generation, those born from 1880 to 1895, can see and feel the inevitable pressure. We want to see the new world safely born, but we do not want the old world destroyed.

Though lifted out of context, such quotations, together with repeated use of phrases like "the middle course" and "between these extremes" in other writings, provide indices to the moderation with which Wallace tempered his thought during that period.

Even his detractors conceded that he did not suddenly adopt startling new ideas for reasons of political expediency. In his earnest experimental fashion he was re-

educating himself in full public view. At the same time he was straining at the bonds of his spiritual upbringing, and in his writings of that period there were ample evidences of a leaning toward mysticism.

Nicholas Roerich, Russian painter, philosopher and mystic, was in the employ of the Secretary of Agriculture. What part that disciple of occultism played in Wallace's transformation can be judged from the following excerpt from the chapter "Beyond the Frontier" in *New Frontiers*:

From the standpoint of guiding principles for the future, there is a design drawn from the far past which seems to be appropriate, because it suggests the maximum development of individual diversity within the limitations of the whole. Medieval painters used to put it in one corner of their work. It is the design used by Nicholas Roerich for the Banner of Peace and incorporated in the Roerich Pact for the Protection of Cultural Treasures. The design represents three spheres—symbolic of the Trinity—within a larger circle. The circle represents of course the idea of unity. With its universal application it is not surprising that this symbol has been used in all ages—one may find it perhaps, upon a Christ of Memling, an Ikon of St. Sergius, or Tibetan Banner.

This design has great depths of meaning in this infinitely more complex world of today. The uniqueness of each individual and each community must be realized but always (instinctively, by the necessity of inner compulsion)

with reference to the national and world community. All individuals, classes and nations which approach the future with beauty of spirit might well unite their economic, social and cultural endeavors within this imagined circle of unifying freedom.

In the tract *Statesmanship and Religion*, Wallace blamed the Protestant Reformation for much of our Occidental materialism, and subsequently he was to visualize the spiritual reform of man himself:

Enduring social transformation, such as our New Deal seeks, is impossible of realization without changed human hearts.

Along with these yearnings for a rebirth of man and a release from materialist concepts Wallace also felt a downbeat of discontent with the confining atmosphere of his laboratory — the American scene. An urge to spread the gospel to the four corners of the earth produced in him a kind of national claustrophobia. As if in preparation, he began to study Spanish, then Russian. With World War II for a catalyst, the ferment of reform in Wallace was to explode in 1941 in a colorful vision of a garden-like earth tilled by souls washed of greed.

The man who a decade ago merely conceived "internationalism" to be a world of freer trading has required less than two years in which to project and advocate an

international investment corporation, an international air authority, an international peace law, an international peace force, an international peace court — all looking toward a new "world democracy" for the coming "century of the common man." Again Wallace is bringing his reform urge to a boil, this time in the seething cauldron of global politics. The transformation of the grain of corn has reached its apotheosis.

### III

According to this latterday Wallace, the "new democracy, the democracy of the common man, includes not only the Bill of Rights, but also economic democracy, ethnic democracy, educational democracy, and democracy in the treatment of the sexes." In a half-mystical defiance of unpleasant fact he has convinced himself that "economic democracy" flourishes in the Soviet Union. Speaking before a Congress of American-Soviet Friendship last November he contrasted this Russian "economic democracy" with the American "Bill of Rights democracy" in a manner that left some doubt as to which or how much of each he favored.

Just how his five-fold democracy is to be spread through the world

Wallace does not make clear. Verbally he has squared the circle by envisaging a "federated world organization" for the promotion of peace and prosperity, but in terms that call for the "maximum of home rule . . . with the minimum of centralized authority." Neither is he quite lucid on other aspects of the transformation. His police force would be an agency which "must at once bomb mercilessly" any aggressor nation so far out of line that "economic quarantine does not suffice." Yet he holds that the "first concern of each nation must be its own people."

He sees "American missionaries of a new type" cooperating with the international investment corporation "to develop flood-control works, irrigation projects, soil reclamation, rural electrification and the like" throughout the world. He banishes the disappearing frontier by declaring it "possible that in the tropics of Latin America, in the highlands of Africa, and in Siberia there will be a population growth similar to that experienced by the United States in the nineteenth century." The "ever-normal granary principle" he now envisions on a "world-wide scale" to balance shortages and surpluses. At the same time he urges that "certain minimum standards of

food, clothing and shelter ought to be established and arrangements ought to be made to guarantee that no one shall fall below those standards."

No one has yet found a name to compass the variegated hopes and plans that have poured from the tongue and pen of Wallace. They apparently include statism for nations along with internationalism. And how is one to fit them into a program for America itself in which "all can become members of the middle class"? In the Vice-President's view the "representative American of the future" is to be blessed with

a home of his own, electric lights, central heating, modern plumbing, electric washing machine, electric refrigeration, radio, comfortable furniture, rugs, a car, neither old nor ramshackled, decent clothes and books, his share of recreation — movies or theatre, trips, vacations, high school and college for his children, horse-racing, football, baseball, golf, or tennis, as his taste is inclined.

Aside from questions of rhetoric, one can no more quarrel with this bulging catalogue of aims and hopes than with the Ten Commandments. Oddly enough, however, Wallace's partisans have a way of suggesting that his critics are opposed to universal happiness and prosperity, even when they are merely questioning his facts, his

practicality and his logic. Wallace himself frankly concedes that he speaks in generalities, though he seems unaware that he speaks also in contradictions. He regards himself as an "educator teaching the theory of abundance" who is offering "suggestions, not final answers."

Unquestionably much of the fear and resentment inspired by the Vice-President's growing list of globe-girdling panaceas derives from his tone. John Chamberlain has described it aptly as "the 'we' approach . . . a top-lofty way that assumes the existence of an administrative 'in-élite' which presumably knows what is good for everybody." It is an assumption too much in the totalitarian temper of the times not to disturb many people, and Wallace's uncritical acceptance of Soviet propagandist claims hardly helps matters in this respect.

His visions of universal abundance have given Wallace a list of supporters as heterogeneous as the peoples of the world whom he would help. For all his vagueness — perhaps *because* of that vagueness — he has become a symbol of yearnings for perfection, flaming banner of American idealism. Millions respond to the accent of his evangelism, though they do not grasp its words. For that reason, if

for no other, Wallace cannot be discounted. He personifies a noble and desperately wishful thinking emotion. As might be expected, his idealistic urgings have drawn to him a weird assortment of crystal-gazers, visionaries and utopians — embarrassing strap-hangers in the Wallace entourage.

Politically, Wallace is difficult to assay. Mr. Roosevelt has said that Henry hasn't got "it," yet — beyond relieving him of BEW — the President has done nothing to discourage his outlines for a world of the future, evidently believing that Wallace reaches the hearts of millions who are tired and weary. State Department officials, who must face the cold reality of tomorrow, take his utterances with tolerant shrugs, but the hard-boiled political leaders of Wallace's adopted party are not so charitable. They regard him as a distinct liability whose utopian excursions make the New Deal all the more vulnerable at the polls.

Wallace himself, disturbed by neither the attention nor the criticism heaped upon him, carries on serenely, convinced that the world may be like his brothers back in Iowa who jeered when he set out to alter the structure of a grain of corn, but who shared in the profits when he finally achieved his reform.

► *The frenzied hunt for  
tunes to stir warriors.*

## SONGS FOR SOLDIERS

BY MINNA LEDERMAN

AMERICAN wars, for nearly two hundred years, have given us songs that are touching, gay, spirited or deeply moving, and many of enduring vitality.

The biggest crop flourished between 1859 and 1865 — *Rally Round The Flag, Boys, Dixie, Battle Hymn of the Republic, Johnny Comes Marching Home*. Ragged armies of the Revolution made a victory tune out of the colonials' *Yankee-Doodle*, and at an exalted moment in 1814, Key poured out the words of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Fighting with Spain only revived the vulgar effervescence of *Hot Time in the Old Town*, but in 1917 everyone sang *Over There, I Hate to Get Up* and *Parley-Voo*, which are still exhilarating enough to release mass emotion.

World War II is already older than World War I, but to date its songs have been uniformly trivial, their mood lugubrious, even maudlin. Dance music, sweet and hot; swing — jump, scat and jive; boogie-woogie; hill-billy tunes; crooning ditties; torch songs and blues roll

off our assembly lines in unprecedented quantity to reach Broadway and Port Darwin simultaneously. Many items are opulently scored, and have the rhythm for which American jazz is famous. Yet among them all there isn't a single stirring song that identifies our feeling with the present day.

Songs, like Ophelia's rosemary, are for remembrance. But those we now hear are all cut to the same pattern and indistinguishable from the ones we've known for twenty years. They moan of times gone by, of home and the girl friend, and they mention the war only, as in *The White Cliffs of Dover* and *When the Lights Go On Again*, to yearn for the day it will be over, over there.

The latest alibi for this failure describes the present struggle as "too grim," impersonal and global for the boys to sing about. But then what war can the Chinese be fighting with their brand new guerilla music? Or the Russians with *Meadowland*, the cavalry tune that's an international hit? Or the

French in Africa with their revision of *Madelon*? Or the British who, at zero hour, follow bagpipers into battle? After all, was it not the Civil War, bloodiest in American history, which produced the best of our own songs?

Not long ago a forum of musicians, Army and government men met in Town Hall and there loudly viewed our current musical practices with alarm. The Treasury and USO send choral evangelists from coast to coast to lift the prevailing lax mood with a pep repertory. The Army offers a prize for a new song, and each month distributes to the boys in camp a million Hit-Kit pamphlets of patriotic and carefully chosen popular numbers. The Office of War Information frames directives and, in the public press, rebukes Tin Pan Alley for its uninterrupted production of "nostalgic" song-hits. And now there is an over-all Music War Council, organized to seek out and pass judgment on "morale" tunes.

Needless to say, fighting songs are seldom written for prizes, nor can people be led to sing by appealing to their instincts for social service. Yet despite these accents of strenuous uplift, a sore-spot has been uncovered: the issue raised is disturbing, its roots are in our immediate past, and its implications

reach beyond the present moment.

It takes no expert to measure the gap between a simple, forthright hymn like *Glory, Glory Hallelujah* and the flaccid words and tune of *God Bless America*, which Kate Smith and Squibb have plugged to top-lofty eminence. The Army wants a rousing war song right now. Not all the boys get where they are going by jeep or parachute. The new AEF has plenty of fresh and racy substitutes for *Mademoiselle from Armentières*, but for marching and fighting, some musical stimulus is missing. Our most recent militant song is still *Over There*, a good number but without the punch and idiom of this particular moment.

More widespread, though vague in objective, is the appeal of community leaders for new songs for all the people. Singing, of course, is the traditional outlet for war-time exuberance, the ritual accompaniment of ceremony and celebrations. But people don't get together much for singing any more. Sheet music sales, while no exact register, indicate what's being sung, rather than what is merely heard. Since December 1941, only five songs have sold half a million copies, and these figures are small potatoes beside the records of hits in the last war.

How often do we hear singing

today as troops go marching down the streets? Parades, it's true, are not a big feature of this war. But sailors and soldiers still gather in great numbers, and with them civilians, in theatres and churches, in railroad stations and parks, in dance halls, in night and service clubs, in all places where in earlier wars the air echoed with their voices. Inhibitions once dissolved in barbershop harmony are now violently released by swing, as anyone can see not only in the jitterbugged aisles of metropolitan movie palaces, but up and down the conga lines of swank night spots, or in the sizzling-steak joints of Army towns where the radio blares and the juke-boxes bray.

Wherever Yanks have landed the stepping is high, wide and handsome. But the singing is no longer spectacular, and sometimes not very audible.

## II

The decline both of group singing and of the popular song must be attributed chiefly to the ruthless advance of the machine age upon the music world. Twenty-five years ago music business was a comparatively artless affair, its market hit-or-miss and wide open. In the years between, that business has been

expanded to the dimensions of a large-scale industry, thanks to the radio, the phonograph, the juke-box and the sound film.

The benefits of mass distribution wrought by these devices are widely publicized. Less understood is the degree to which they now control every musically productive source. Broadcasting and recording companies today even influence the repertoires of the symphony orchestras whose deficits they help to pay. For nearly twenty years they, together with movie corporations, have shaped the range of the whole popular output. Now some of the more dubious effects incidental to mass merchandising are coming to light, effects which neither the customers — the vast and generally inert public — nor the music industry itself has yet learned to counteract.

In 1917 George M. Cohan's breezy march tunes hurdled with ease the contemporary barrier of fox-trots and sentimental rags. In those days a new song would go direct from the stage to the people out front and from there spread, *via* the sheet-music sales, all over the country. It lived until people sang themselves hoarse and weary, it died when it was through. The music set-up was still fluid, its outlets sensitive to the changing mood

of the time. Spontaneous hits were possible and they were frequent.

But today, eighteen months after Pearl Harbor, the industry is still massively embedded in its pre-war pattern. Composers, writers, publishers, arrangers, band leaders, networks and juke-boxes give us for nightly consumption *Moonlight*, *That Old Black Magic* and *Taking A Chance On Love*. A ten-year-old number, *As Time Goes By*, revived to fill gaps on the air, is plugged to the Number One place.

Radio as a mass purveyor of musical goods must keep them moving fast. It is in effect a killer. The turnover of popular songs is speedier than that of the stock in a bargain basement. A pre-radio smash hit used to last from one and a half to two years, sometimes longer. Now, millions more hear it simultaneously, but generally it gets played to death within three months or less. Moreover, the radio, record and juke-box enforce the habit of passive listening. For the delivery of the commercial message, the radio aims, in choice of material and style, at the most completely receptive state. The record tends to develop an acute discrimination for its own special type of music. The juke-box may evoke at best a kinesthetic response. But active participation, by singing or playing,

is not — and perhaps cannot be by the nature of these devices — encouraged.

Lawrence Tibbett, when he visits Army and Navy Camps, reports that he finds the waiting boys always gathered around a radio or phonograph. In the last war, when he himself was in service, they sang loudly and lustily. Now someone does it for them, so why should they? There are Army camps where concert performances of spirituals by Negro regiments are the top musical exhibits. These are moving occasions, but a far cry from the more thrilling effect of whole armies singing on the march.

And who has not seen the wildest hepcats abandon a dance floor to crowd round a favorite trap drummer or boogie-woogie pianist? They are all connoisseurs who collect and trade records (a group of hot-jazz disks figured as one pilot's irreducible treasure on the flight over Tokyo). They know all the fine points of the art of Bing Crosby, Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra.

Crooning, radio's special gift to music, with its swoops, flatted curves and hypnotic vibratos, is the style least adapted to the average vocal organ, and completely beyond the range of an average singing group. Accidentally invented by a singer trying to deliver a song



through an early microphone, the effect was appropriately reinforced by the night-club ditties of the twenties, when Helen Morgan moaned about *My Bill* and Rudy Vallee thrilled his supper audiences with *Vagabond Lover*. Today the same sad tones still break on the air nightly as singers and band leaders, under baby spotlights, luxuriously send *It Can't Be Wrong* and *Blue Evening* to the waiting millions, and Jolson makes *Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer* sound just like *Mammy*.

### III

In the broad music repertory of war, nostalgia has a special place. Every struggle produces a new set about home and sweetheart. Two lasting songs from the Civil War are *Just Before the Battle*, *Mother*, and *Listen to the Mocking Bird*. In this one the Russians have turned out a famous number, *Wait for Me*, and from Germany has come, in spite of original Nazi censorship, a definite hit-tune about a soldier who hopes to meet his girl again, *Lili Marlene*, which has spread all over Europe and reached this country.

According to historic pattern, nostalgia in time will assume larger dimensions. It may tie up with lost buddies and scenes of battle to give us songs of tragic overtones — *Ich*

*hatt' einen Kameraden*, *Tenting on the Old Camp Ground*. In the heat of great experience it may be merged in the total sense of war, home and the general cause and be transmuted into a big number — *The Marseillaise*, *Die Wacht am Rhein*, *O Say Can You See*.

But songs of deep longing, melancholy, exultation, even of simple high spirits cannot break easily into our set-up. *This Is the Army*, the government's own show, was a monumental effort to shift from low musical gear to militant high. Designed, produced and plugged for "morale," it carried a number of marches, including the very pat *This Is the Army*, *Mr. Jones*. But the big hit turned out to be *I Left my Heart at the Stage Door Canteen*, which of course is more palatable to the radio crooner and the entire circuit that depends on him, than any little ditty in brisk two-four time. Is it surprising that Berlin, our composer-laureate, should then write *White Christmas*, to bring a lump to the throat of every dough-boy from here to India, or that Porter should counter with *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*?

So far as the publishers go, something for the boys is something that sounds just like the radio they left behind, "hot, heavy, and with a heart-throb." As the trade-wise

*Billboard* puts their case, why risk any changes when you have a system that rings the bell every time?

Yet all does not run smoothly along the Rialto. Tin Pan Alley makes no boast that its lyrics reflect the spirit, the drive, the humor of young America. There is a reluctant admission that Broadway's job in the last war did the boys more justice. There is even a report of the popularity of "patriotic" tunes *via* the juke-box, that lowest common reflector of musical preference, and ears are now cocked to the increasing demand for another number like the *Army Air Corps Song*, which, though "official," is one of the current big hits. The broadcasters in particular declare themselves ready to take a chance on war instead of love, if only the publishers, arrangers, band leaders and singers will let them!

Tolerance alone, however, will create no new music, nor by-pass the difficulties inherent in the present system. For if and when The War Song appears, to use the current optimistic phrase, on the battlefield or right here in Tin Pan Alley, it will still have to run the gauntlet of competition on the air, since the whole world now tunes in on the American radio. If The Song does not make The Sheet it will die "a dog." On the other hand, if it

does, it is likely to be played to death in three or four months.

A few rare songs have come into circulation and remained there by outflanking persistence. *There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere* is a hill-billy freak which has sold more copies than any other number of this war. Like the earlier *You Are My Sunshine* that so enraptured Churchill when he stumbled on four sailors howling away at it on the shores of Casablanca, this is still a stranger to the big networks. On the other hand, *Praise the Lord*, out of Broadway but not in the crooner's class, grew popular so fast that the OWI attempted to "reserve" its time on the radio. Now it has almost disappeared from public use, — and the "industry" still waits for replacements.

Meanwhile, the Army moves all over the world in its own fast stream of jazz. The girls it leaves behind from here to Australia may not be singing *The Yanks Are Coming*, but they will surely remember how to swing *The Two O'Clock Jump* and *Johnny Comes Marching Home Again*. Rumor has the youth of Paris anticipating the invasion by jitterbugging *à l'Apache*. It's a sign. For a tough war our songs may be on the soft side, but the foot-work is still indestructible.

Minna Lederman is editor of *Modern Music*.

► *You and your town must act now to head off outbreaks.*

## HOW TO PREVENT RACE RIOTS

BY WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH

FOR many months, the heat lightning of racial trouble had flickered ominously in the American sky, lighting up Fort Bragg, North Carolina; Mobile, Alabama; Beaumont, Texas; Los Angeles, and scores of other defense towns and Army camps. Then, *under precisely the circumstances that had been foreseen, and in exactly the spot where it had been predicted*, the lightning struck hard.

For thirty hours, 100,000 people fought pitched battles in the heart of our production centers. Detroit's hospitals took in casualties at the rate of one a minute. At eight o'clock Monday night, the crisis hour of the Detroit riot, a mob of over 10,000 whites, unsmiling, vicious, intent, executed a block-by-block invasion of the downtown Negro section, determined to drive Detroit's 85,000 colored people back into the deep South.

Even after the riot, indecency prevailed. While white prisoners picked up by the police and awaiting examination were housed in relative comfort, 12,000 colored prisoners, most of whom had no connection with the rioting mobs, were herded into space so crowded that they fainted like flies.

Within a few hours after the riot started, the Axis broadcasters, both German and Japanese, were triumphantly shrieking the news to their millions of colored listeners in Asia and Africa, long conditioned to just such propaganda. As General Eisenhower discovered, the natives of North Africa were able to give him detailed accounts of Detroit's Sojourner Truth riots in 1942.

It is impossible to calculate the cost of the Detroit riots either in money or morale. Without much question, the cause of the United

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Nations has suffered no worse setback since December 7, 1941. It is the more shocking because, like Pearl Harbor, the Detroit disaster was utterly needless. It could have been averted.

The lightning may strike again; in Alexandria, Louisiana; in Indianapolis, Chicago, Columbus, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Bridgeport, Newark, the State of Mississippi, or the country's capital. It may, in fact, strike in any locality where there is a mixed colored and white population, and where large numbers of newcomers, either to Army camps or to war production plants, have come into the community too quickly to be easily assimilable.

Detroit, where the population has been increased by one-tenth during the past eighteen months, is a striking example of such mushroom growth. The situation is doubly explosive if any considerable share of the newcomers to a northern city are southern whites. The arrival of Negroes from the rural South created many of the tensions which resulted in the race riots of World War I; this time it is the arrival of whites from the farming areas of Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi and other southern states. You will find them on the Pacific coast, in the manufacturing

towns of New England, and in the Middle American cities of Chicago and Detroit. Shy, lonesome, proud, often desperately poor, and without intellectual leadership, they are appalled at the status which the North has accorded colored people within the last twenty-five years. If skillfully manipulated, they are only too ready to collaborate with the Klan's innocent fronts.

In many of the places just mentioned, there will be no race riots, because these cities, warned by Detroit's experience, are taking steps to prevent them. Instead of getting bogged down in prolonged discussions of the deep-rooted causes of race riots, communities like St. Louis insist that the only measures that interest them at the moment are *the kind of emergency measures which Detroit failed to take*. This article, too, will by-pass consideration of deeper historical and economic considerations.

The underlying causes cannot be cured in a week or a year—but there *are* practical steps that can and must be taken by public-spirited citizens in danger areas. These are emergency measures aimed to minimize the duration and havoc if trouble does break out; and more important, measures to avert riots altogether.

To find out whether the town or city you live in is likely to have a race riot, get a committee of responsible citizens, both white and colored, to interview representatives of the FBI, the Board of Education, your leading settlement and recreation workers and the Police Department, with a view to finding out how many racial fights or clashes there have been during the last year or two. It is the increasing frequency of these clashes that is significant diagnostically. For instance, Detroit had one important racial clash in 1941, a minor riot in 1942, and *twelve* clashes in 1943. If the individuals you interview convince you that racial clashes are increasing both in number and intensity, then the situation must be regarded as very serious. An emergency Citizens' Committee for the Prevention of Race Riots should go into action at once.

Your emergency program, which can be carried out in three weeks, should include the following steps:

(1) Through your local newspapers and radio stations instruct citizens to report rumors about racial fights and crimes, which have already taken place, or which, according to the rumor, are due to take place at a certain specified

time in the future, to the proper sources immediately.

Said Louis Martin, editor of the *Michigan Chronicle*: "Detroit was a racial haystack, just waiting for a match." As everybody now knows it wasn't an incident that supplied the match; it was rumors. The Chicago riot began because a colored boy was drowned, but what actually happened in Detroit that sultry June Sunday was nothing more violent or unusual than a fight between four colored boys and four white sailors. The sailors won, and nobody was hurt. But someone in the crowd saw a colored child running away from some white people and the rumors started.

The principal rumors were three: that a colored baby had drowned or had been killed and then drowned by whites on Belle Isle Bridge and that the whites had prevented the mother from rescuing it; that a white woman had been either killed or raped by a colored man on Belle Isle Bridge; and that a white woman had been raped on an elevator midway between floors in a Detroit factory. The last rumor began to circulate two days before the riot broke. All the rumors have since been checked by the police and found to be completely false. The white-woman-raped myth is, of course, a standard

product. The Chicago race riot of 1919 is one of the few race riots in which this myth did not play an important part. The colored-baby-killed-by-whites is the classic counterpart of the white-woman-raped myth. Both of these myths come straight out of the subconscious and represent the paranoid suspicion of the whites against the blacks and the blacks against the whites. They give both white and colored the opportunity to cast off their inhibitions and unleash their hates.

The fight on Belle Isle occurred about 6:30 Sunday evening and the rioting in Detroit did not begin until about 9:30. There was no shooting and there were no deaths until 2 A.M. Monday morning. If before nine o'clock Detroit radio stations had warned people that fantastic rumors were circulating, and if they had gotten colored and white leaders to broadcast appeals for order, much might have been accomplished. As any Detroiters will tell you, the matter of accomplishing either murder or rape on Belle Isle Bridge on a Sunday, with 90,000 to 100,000 cars in transit is a feat that would give anyone pause.

(2) Check with your chief of police, your mayor, and above all your governor as to what arrange-

ments have been worked out for bringing in extra police and militia. Due to war conditions, the Detroit police department had 280 men less than in peacetime. To hold the mobs, which at some points numbered 10,000 people, a force twice as large as the regular police force was necessary. The failure to get outside help quickly resulted in the loss of thirty-four lives, 319 injuries, 100,000 man hours and \$2,000,000 worth of property.

Police Commissioner Wither- spoon said: "It had been the understanding of myself and Mayor Jeffries that we could obtain additional reinforcement assistance in forty-five minutes." Actually the troops did not arrive until twelve hours and forty-five minutes after a call for assistance went in. An hour after the troops arrived, rioting stopped.

What was involved was red tape. To get martial law proclaimed seemed simple enough: only three telephone calls were necessary. But when the riot really broke out the recipients of two of the phone calls proved to be out of their offices. To cut the Gordian knot, Brigadier-General Guthner boarded a Detroit-bound plane in Chicago in order to proclaim martial law on his arrival, but discovered by diligent perusal of the Army Manual

*en route* that he had no such powers. By phoning the President of the United States, an arrangement not involving martial law was finally worked out. In your town, the red tape had better be streamlined in advance.

(3) Check with the head of your local police department as to the policing of colored and mixed neighborhoods. In Detroit there is evidence that some of the less well trained officers were stationed in these posts. There can be no greater mistake. In any area where race riots are likely to break out in war-time the most experienced and highly trained men should be given these difficult assignments.

What all Detroit is now asking for is more colored policemen for colored neighborhoods. The Hastings Street precinct, which includes the principal colored section of Detroit, has over 200 policemen, only seven of whom are colored. Many colored people believe that 100 Negro policemen stationed along Hastings Street, where by six o'clock Monday night 200 stores had been looted and wrecked, could have stopped the trouble in this neighborhood in one hour.

What colored people all over the United States are talking about is the fact that out of twenty-five

colored people who died in the riots, twelve were killed by the police, and that 85 per cent of the 1,505 people arrested were colored. What lies behind this situation, according to police, is that a colored man made the mistake of killing a white policeman at about 1:57 A.M. Monday morning. It is the policeman's code that a policeman's death must be avenged. Hence the onslaught of the police on the Negroes. This explains some, but not all, of the facts.

The truth is that the relations of the colored population and the white police proved to be and had long been known to be the most glaring sore spot in the entire Detroit race relations set-up. Perhaps a majority of the city's policemen are southerners, many of whom have a reactionary southern instead of a northern point of view about the Negro. Such men should be shifted from colored or mixed neighborhoods to strictly white precincts of the city as quickly as possible.

(4) Give the adolescents in your town, both white and colored, some other way of blowing off steam besides participating in race riots.

The age of the white and colored who took part in the Chicago race riot, the worst riot of World War

I, ranged from seventeen to eighteen. In Detroit the newspapers quickly took the line that the riot was carried on not by the white and colored but by hoodlums. A few of these hoodlums were white and colored criminals, but most of them were just tough youngsters at the dangerous age when vitality greatly outweighs common sense. Married men don't usually participate in riots; they only egg the youngsters on from the sidelines.

As everybody knows, juvenile delinquency in the great cities of the United States has increased greatly during wartime. This is due, in part, to the fact that professionally competent men working with teen-age boys and young men have been drawn off into the armed forces or into Washington bureaus, and partly to the tensions and excitements of the war itself. The boy who is under eighteen expects that he will shortly be called on to be a hero. He wants to be a hero now; he is all dressed up with glittering emotions and no place to go. Detroit psychiatrists believe that they may also find many mental 4-F cases among the younger rioters.

In Detroit the colored youngsters have only two outdoor bathing pools in the entire city. That's

why over half of the picnickers on Belle Isle were colored that blistering June Sunday when the race riot started. They haven't nearly enough places to dance. One of the most famous of the colored night clubs of Paradise Valley had to close up because the crowds at the dances were so tumultuous that the place was wrecked. The white youngsters in some of the downtown districts are, of course, almost equally under-served in respect to recreation facilities.

What's needed and what some defense centers are planning to do is to throw open church basements, school basements and playgrounds to young people. It is to the credit of Mayor Jeffries of Detroit that he now understands this situation and is preparing to do something about it. Draft boards in Detroit are being urged to take the position that experienced boys' workers are just as essential to law and order as the police.

Since your town cannot tackle the whole city-wide problem of the teen-agers in one swoop, it would be wise to get at the tension areas first. The way to locate these areas is to plot the places where racial clashes have occurred during the last twelve months. Once you have bounded these tension areas on the map you can consult with



the leading personalities in these neighborhoods and with your city recreation specialists as to what immediate emergency steps can be undertaken.

(5) Set up a grievance committee whose function it will be not to adjudicate or necessarily to act, but to listen to the complaints of colored and white people about local difficulties.

Two years before the present riot, a committee appointed by the mayor to investigate a racial clash predicted the present riot and suggested what might be done to prevent it. As far as anyone is aware this report was either ignored or unread. A year before the riot Professor Charles S. Johnson located Detroit's tension areas and corps of investigators poured into Detroit as well as into other American danger spots like Los Angeles and Philadelphia to learn whether racial clashes were reaching the boiling point and what was provoking them. These people knew what was coming. They made their reports, and the reports were tabled. Do-nothingism on the part of responsible officials both local and national is one of the specific causes of the Detroit riot.

If officials do not pay attention to considered warnings and diag-

noses of trouble, the citizens themselves will have to. Once the main tensions which are disturbing the peace of your community are located your grievance committee can hire a hall and invite an audience in to hear from their own lips the troubles both colored and white people are having in getting along together. I remember, in British Columbia, Canada, where the relations of the Chinese and Canadians were at the time very bad, listening for two to three hours at a time while Chinese told me, the lone representative of the white race, how much they hated the whites. I emerged from some of these sessions feeling as though I had been whipped. The same thing happened in the Japanese grape towns of California with the slight racial difference that whereas the Chinese were frank from the outset the Japanese revealed their bitterness only when they had known me for some time. One Chinese editor said: "For years our papers have commented on everything the Canadians did, but no Canadian has ever answered us back. We live here surrounded as it were by a high wall of silence. We shout across the wall, but there are no answers."

Of course, it is not easy for a Canadian editor to read a Chinese

newspaper. But it is perfectly possible for any American to read the Negro press. The Negro, too, lives surrounded by a high wall of silence. He talks through his press to the colored people, but he wishes the whites would listen.

(6) Another emergency measure is to call in the aid of the church. The Catholic Church sponsors Interracial Councils specifically designed to foster good relations between colored and white; the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has had a Race Relations Department for twenty-five years; the Central Conference of American Rabbis has participated actively in the fight for racial tolerance.

One of the most pressing tasks for the American clergy is to educate the less enlightened members of their own group about race relations. In Detroit it is of the utmost importance that clergymen of the larger and more respectable denominations establish contact with the store-front preachers who minister to the newly arrived southern whites. According to Claude Williams, southerner and

Presbyterian, about 3000 of these preachers work in defense plants weekdays and preach white supremacy in their churches Sundays. It is such men who are susceptible to the campaigns and rationalizations prepared for them by our native and imported fascists.

Once a riot begins, radio stations would be performing a patriotic act by making it possible for the clergy of all three major faiths to pray continuously for its speedy termination. It would also be proper for churches, white and colored, in all neighborhoods to remain continuously open and to afford sanctuary to any persons, white or colored, who might need to take refuge there.

When these preliminary steps have been taken, the Citizens' Committee to Prevent Race Riots can tackle the two fundamental causes of wartime race riots, which are the overcrowding and underservicing of our wartime production centers and army camps, and the too great disparity between our wartime professions of democracy and the actual facts of Negro life in the United States.



# THE CHILDREN

## *A Story*

BY NELSON ALGREN

Two weeks before Thanksgiving the third-floor guard hung a bright wall-motto above the piano in the playroom:

### I GROW OLD LEARNING SOMETHING NEW EACH DAY

States Kaszuba stood studying the motto while fingering a five-and-dime toothbrush hanging by a string about his throat. About him stood nine other youths, in varying attitudes of spiritlessness, each in the same gray clothes. They were waiting for a rehearsal of their Thanksgiving Day play, to be offered, ultimately, to the ladies of the Polonia Women's Federation. Until the arrival of that group's representatives, the boys had a few moments in which to scoff at the new motto. Kaszuba alone refused to scoff at it.

"It says just right," he told them. "Every day you could learn up somp'n new, if you just stay on yer toes. Look at me. Here fer larceny of a V-8. But if I'd learned up somp'n new, I wouldn't be here fer no t'eft a-tall. I'd be here fer tamperin' is all. It'd be a missed-meaner is all. Like when you strong-arm-rob a guy 'n it's just m'licious mischief."

"Yeh," the boy called Silly Louie offered. "Like when it's a dame 'n then she says you sex-utory-raped her."

Three overdressed women bustled in behind the guard, and the talk stopped dead. One of the women twirled the piano stool downward and ran her fingers down the keyboard. States had seen her play at a dance: he had watched the dancing through an alley window. He watched her pull the stool up in

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an effort to circumvent her bosom, till he couldn't see the stool for the spread of the hips. The stubby hands poised dramatically above the keys and she glanced sideways without turning her head, like a hen, to see that no one was slouching. Each boy laid his hand on the shoulder of the boy ahead.

"All right, boys! Indian braves!"

The two other women and the guard applauded lackadaisically, the piano began with a bang, and States led his tribe, loping indifferently, onto the uncarpeted stage; the planks bent under their feet as they circled it. Then they faced an imaginary foe in attitudes of Comanches drawing Comanche bows; and sang half-heartedly, from the front of the mouth:

Ten little Indian braves are we  
None but da birds so free as we!

"Some song," States murmured sullenly to Silly Louie. What were the crows always coming around to rub things in for? His tribe loped, in a heavy-footed war-dance, slapping their mouths with their palms.

Ay-yeel! Ay-yeel! Ay-yeel!

"Some Indians," he added from the corner of his mouth, nodding toward the three Negroes at the end of the line. And wondered vaguely why they couldn't be Com-

mandos for a change. The pianiste waved absently, and the braves became squaws.

Ten little Indian squaws at home!  
Grind the wheat! Grind the corn!

She brought the pedal down hard on "corn." Bent over an imaginary urn, grinding imaginary corn, States eyed the wall-motto furtively. If you wanted to use phony dice, slip them to a sucker and let the sucker make the passes. Ride with him for half a dozen passes, then grab your hat and let the sucker try talking his way out. Let the suckers take the beatings.

"All right, boys! Papooses now!"

"It makes them ferget their little troubles," the guard explained to the Ladies.

The boys bowed their heads to their knees and murmured:

Sleep, Little Indian, safe from harm  
Daddy's a-hunting the wild fawn.

"Daddy's a-huntin' a wild skirt is all," States offered under his breath. Silly Louie's hands flew to his mouth; when Louie started giggling he couldn't stop. The piano paused and the guard's earnest voice dropped discreetly; then everything stopped but the papooses' persistent murmuring. They rose heavily, one by one, and began a disordered out-of-tune clomping, toothbrushes bobbing, and went on

clomping bravely, to minimize Louie's irrepressible tittering.

"Stop! Hiawatha! Stop! Come here!" The pianiste was plainly outraged.

Silly Louie came to the edge of the stage, his hands holding his stomach. He turned his head away and regained his self-control only with an effort.

"What were you laughing at this time, Louis?"

"I tawt of somp'n *funny*."

"'Thought', Louis, not 'tawt'."

"Yes'm. I tawt of somp'n real funny."

"Well, go back to your place and pay more attention to the play and less to Kaszuba. Or you can't be Hiawatha on Thanksgiving." Then, to reproach them both with a single blow: "I thought *you* could be depended upon, Louis."

"It helps them ferget their little troubles," the guard repeated vaguely. "They're all lookin' forwards to T'anksgivin'." He was an aging Norwegian, with a heavy head and a paunch, who had been a truant officer until his legs had gone bad. Between illness and poverty he felt, somehow, that the children had tricked him. During waking hours he controlled an impulse to strike out blindly at the sight of them: as though, by punishing one or two of them, he might get a bit

of his own back. Although he never acknowledged this impulse to himself, he dreamed persistently of triumphs over the children.

(In such dreams he was often a distinguished jurist who sat sentencing children to incredible punishments: one night he sentenced an eight-year-old girl to hard labor for life for thumbing her nose at him. He announced her sentence with a rollicking disregard of her offense, then cursed her obscenely while, in the back rows, men and women applauded: they loved him for expressing the hatred and fear that they, secretly, had long shared toward the children.)

"We let them keep their little toothbrushes when they leave for St. Charles," he said aloud to the Ladies. Then he spied States sneering at the pianiste and called out sternly:

"Watch each other, boys! Not too close together!"

## II

After the rehearsal the Ladies signed the guest-book in the chapel, under a motto that read

**UNLESS ONE TRIES  
ONE CANNOT SUCCEED**

and the pianiste herself observed, looking at the holy pictures on the

walls, that she "just couldn't see how *any* child could do anything *bad* after being in *here*." The aging guard said he didn't understand it either and hoped they'd all quit doing it pretty soon.

After dark the boys lay in the dormitory and spoke in whispers. For it was Wednesday night and there were no lights on Wednesday and no speaking was permitted when there were no lights.

The cots in the dormitory were numbered in bright, bald tin; and the pillows lay, alternately, at the foot and at the head of each cot. Thus each boy slept facing his neighbor's feet, the even-numbered ones with their feet to the wall and the odd-numbered ones with their feet to the aisle.

"I'd like t' be a paratrooper 'n just fly around," Silly Louie was saying dreamily to himself.

"If you ever catch more'n one finger," States cautioned him hoarsely, "play ball with the cops — 'cause if you just cop a plea fer the one you got caught in, when you done yer stretch they'll show up with dew process, 'n that's when they make you stand sep'rate trial fer the ones you didn't get caught on. You oughta cop a plea fer all of 'em in the first place. It don't take no more time 'n you get 'em all settled fer keeps. Now it don't

make no diff'rence," States went on gravely, "whether your rod is loaded or not — you'll do time fer havin' crim'nal *intent* all the same. The only diff is, if your rod is loaded you get a chance t' do it in the pen 'stead of the workie, 'n that's where you get all the breaks 'n by the time you make the street again the war's over. Down there you do it on yer ear 'n no trouble a-tall. You gotta watch out fer yourself these days."

"I wouldn't want t' carry no rod though," Silly Louie confessed, "I just want t' be a paratrooper 'n fly around."

States dismissed Louie's flighty ambitions. "Awright then, so you're a strongarm merchant instead. You go in fer mayhem, Louie — like Commandos. Then you know what you do if you catch a finger?"

Silly Louie didn't know that either. Silly Louie didn't know anything.

"Well then I'll tell you. You plead D. & D. That's drunk 'n disorderly. Say you're drunk 'n fightin'. It's like malicious mischief too sort of. Catch on? Get it you?"

Poor Louie did not answer. He had dropped off to sleep.

States continued his conversation with himself, reviewing all the angles in his mind, brushing up on his law, planning for his postwar

future. He heard the passing of the Ogden Avenue cars, and the coughing of a city dredge down Roosevelt Road. He heard the endless crying of a freight train, going somewhere all night long. And all the sounds of night seemed like sounds going always from home.

"Always use a blue-steel," he warned himself hurriedly, thinking and planning fast now to keep the fear of the night and the streets from rising in him. "They can see the nickel-plate kind in the dark. Them .38 Policemen's Specials is the best; but with the nickel-plate

kind — that's how you wind up with your toes curled up in a ditch when they see it in the dark."

He felt himself growing sleepy, and, with his last waking thoughts, promised himself happier times: "When I get t' St. Charles," he assured himself, "I'm gonna learn up somp'n new every day awright. When I come out I'll be like a Com-mando on my own. I'll be my own army 'n then they better look out."

Silly Louie tittered softly in his sleep, as though he were dreaming that States had to be Hiawatha on Thanksgiving Day.



## YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN

BY KAYE STARBIRD

YOU must have known that I would come again  
To the wide water oak beside the river.  
You must have heard across the green of rain  
My footsteps leading back to you forever.  
The day I went away, the sun like rope  
Twisted in yellow strands about your shoulders;  
You pressed your body down to meet the slope  
Of the brown roots that lock beneath the boulders.  
Somewhere across the sapphire-dusted air  
A mockingbird spun out its song of yearning.  
I wound a scarlet flower in your hair,  
And, though I gave no promise of returning . . .  
All through the endless green of winter rain,  
You must have known that I would come again.

## CLINICAL NOTES

### WHAT'S A SECOND FRONT?

THE mischief at the heart of the long and loud clamor for a Second Front is that no one seems to know what, precisely, constitutes a Second Front. On inquiry it appears that the most strident noisemakers seek only what they, and they alone, define and recognize as a Second Front. Any other operation, whatever its military logic and no matter how seriously it distracts the enemy, they reject contemptuously as *ersatz*.

The Allied invasion of Africa, it will be recalled, cut athwart a passionate world-wide agitation for a Second Front. The clamor ceased abruptly and there were a lot of red faces among the more prominent agitators. Soon enough, however, they shook off their embarrassment and proclaimed that Africa was not *it*.

Now there are cantankerous observers who from the beginning have insisted on regarding the Allied war in the Pacific as a genuine Second Front. By engaging the Japanese, they argue, we are protecting Russia in Asia and thus

enabling Stalin to concentrate on the war against Hitler.

Others believe no less firmly that the great Anglo-American aerial attack on Fortress Europe merits recognition as a Second Front. Modern air power enables the opening of vertical fronts as deadly as any horizontal operations, if not more so. Clearly our massive assaults from the skies are pinning down Luftwaffe strength, interrupting Nazi supply lines, and most important, disarming Hitler's forces by destroying their weapons at the point of manufacture.

But the most raucous Second Fronters — the organized and disciplined Second Fronters — turn all these efforts down as inferior and shoddy military goods. They will have nothing less than *the* Second Front, which is to say their kind of Second Front. Even our invasion of Sicily, which is progressing brilliantly as these words are written, fails to meet their specifications.

This confusion as to what is really a Second Front merely re-



flects the senseless, tragic and inexcusable failure to achieve true unity of Allied command—a global unity to match the global scope of the conflict. The war can be won and will be won notwithstanding. But historians, viewing today's events in perspective, will shudder at the abysmal stupidity that prevented the establishment of a single leadership and a single strategic plan not only for Europe and Asia but even for Eastern Europe and Western Europe.

The horrifying fact is that Anglo-American leaders have only the fuzziest knowledge of the Russian end of the struggle. The offensive in the Mediterranean and the aerial offensive against Germany coincided with certain phases of the Russo-German war, but they were in no sense *integrated* with that war. Second, third or tenth fronts should be opened by an over-all command possessing all the facts, all the authority and entrusted with conducting an over-all strategy, rather than by political and propaganda pressures directed against this or that allied nation.

In the summer of 1942, when the Russians were being hard pressed in the Stalingrad sector, with the Caucasian oil resources at stake, there was talk of Anglo-American reinforcements for Russia by way

of Persia. It is no secret that Moscow rejected all such direct help. What was involved was in effect a Second Front inside Russia itself.

That still made sense a year later. Great British and American armies could readily have been poured into Russia to take a sizeable part of the burden from the Russians. Vast German forces could thereby have been engaged directly, on an existing front, at a point where the Nazis were already punch-drunk, without the need of conquering the well-nigh impregnable Western shores of the continent. Why hasn't that been done?

Noisy advocates of a Second Front owe it to common sense to direct their pressures against *all* the Allies, not only Britain and the United States. Surely it is not for them, as laymen, to decide whether a new front in France or an attempt to drive Italy out of the war or an intensified front inside Russia is most feasible at a given time. Their one duty and their one opportunity is to press for genuine unity of operations. On that basis they will be obliged to acknowledge that Russia is at least as culpable as Britain, America and China.

The Second Front agitation, now an element of confusion and bitterness and division, can become a constructive popular force only if

it is sensibly aimed at the achievement of true Allied unity.

— E. L.

#### AMERICAN CONDUCTORS

PERHAPS the most notable feature of last Winter's musical season was the emergence of more than the usual crop of American-born conductors.

Orchestra conducting, curiously, has been the one musical department in which Americans have so far failed to make any important contribution. It has been seriously suggested that our national temperament lacks the dictatorial element that enters into the make-up of the born maestro. A more potent reason is that the society ladies who run most of our symphony orchestras have always been partial to exotic and impressive personalities, tending to give prowess with the teacup as much weight as prowess with the baton. The explanation most often offered, however, is precisely the one that won't hold water at all: that America, unlike Europe, has no small-town opera companies for conductors to practise on. The implication is that the European brings with him to our shores a rich experience. The cold fact is that a round half-dozen of the maestros now prominent in American musical life — and the

list includes no less a personage than Leopold Stokowski — never conducted an orchestra in their lives until they came to this country.

Though it may be too much to expect an American Toscanini to blossom overnight, it is heartening to see a few Americans finally making their way into what has hitherto been an almost exclusively European profession. During the past season, Howard Barlow, of the Columbia airwaves, got a chance to conduct the Philharmonic and drew spontaneous exclamations of enthusiasm from the New York critics. Only the other day it was officially announced that the new permanent conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic is to be Alfred Wallenstein, an American, a close friend and protégé of Arturo Toscanini, and, incidentally, one of the foremost cellists of his generation.

The most sensational American discovery of the year, however, has been Robert Shaw, a nervous, determined-looking Californian who, as conductors go, is practically an infant prodigy. Shaw, who is twenty-six years old, had been conducting choruses for Fred Waring's radio programs, when he happened to get a highbrow engagement with his Collegiate Chorale at Town

Hall. His performance turned out to be no ordinary job of choral conducting. Critics scratched their heads and realized that they had forgotten that a chorus could sing so brilliantly. Robert Shaw has a long way to go. He is handicapped by a rather sketchy early musical training. He has never yet, as far as I know, conducted a symphony orchestra. But he has that electrical quality of leadership by which a born conductor can whip a group of musicians into an inspired performance. It is a rare quality, even in Europe.

— WINTHROP SARGEANT

#### JEFFERSON VS. TOTALITARIANISM

**I**N my private museum of political grotesqueries, I assign a place of honor to the current claim by American communists that their ideas somehow stem from Thomas Jefferson. There should be a law about such irresponsible adoption of ideological ancestors. . . .

What distinguished Jefferson as a political thinker was his abhorrence of the omnipotent State and his rejection of absolute obedience. What distinguishes communists, like all other totalitarians, is their faith in the omnipotence of the State with its demand for absolute fanatical obedience. Jefferson hated dictators with a blazing passion; totalitarians

worship dictators. In short, authoritarians of any color and Jefferson have about as much in common as a voodoo and a Quaker.

The young American republic, Jefferson wrote, "should besiege the throne of Heaven with eternal prayers, to extirpate from creation this class of human lions, tigers and mammoths called Kings; from whom, let him perish who does not say, 'Good Lord deliver us.'" But his strictures on royalty were mild compared to those he uttered against Napoleon Bonaparte, the dictator of the epoch. He loathed the Corsican as a bandit, a destroyer of the lives and liberties of men — an "unprincipled tyrant who is deluging the continent of Europe with blood," who was in civil life "a cold-blooded, calculating, unprincipled usurper, without a virtue."

Jefferson viewed all government with a jaundiced eye, as potentially the enemy of man. He knew that power corrupts those who wield it, and that the State, unless rigidly curbed, encroaches ruthlessly upon the rights and liberties of the people. Jefferson did not use the expression commonly attributed to him — "the less government the better." That phrase was used by Emerson and Channing in the 1840's. But it sums up Jefferson's attitude. He expressed admiration

for the American Indians as having "still less law than we."

Because he regarded government as a necessary evil, Jefferson wanted to reduce it to a minimum. There were two ways of doing this, he felt. One was to base government entirely upon the people, the other to limit its powers severely. "No government can continue good," he said, "but under the control of the people." The people, he warned, must be ever alert against the appetites of the State: "The government is founded in jealousy and not in confidence." To him it

seemed axiomatic that the liberties, and hence the happiness, of the citizenry were in inverse proportion to the power of the government. A strong government, a helpless people. "I am not a friend to a very energetic government," he wrote. "It is always oppressive."

Jefferson's opinion of the modern super-State projected by communists can therefore be readily imagined by the least imaginative. For communists to claim him as political progenitor seems to me brassy charlatanism.

— SAUL PADOVER

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## NO NEWS

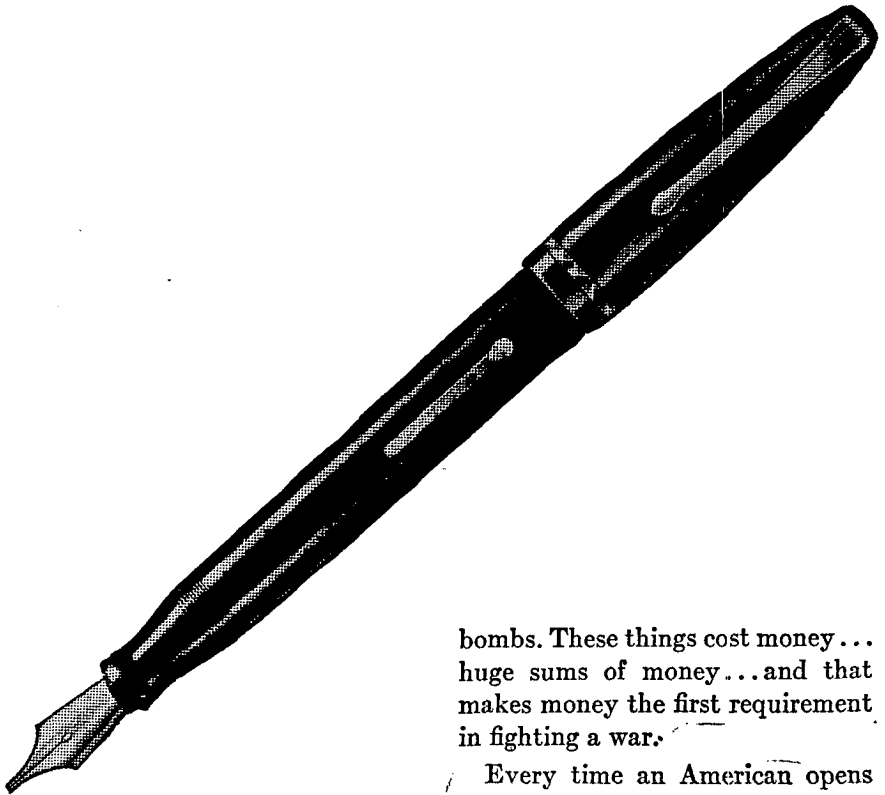
No news is not  
Good news.

No news is  
Walking  
With the spring  
Wound tight . . .  
Speaking  
With a thin edge,  
And laughing louder.

No news is a  
Fearful vacuum . . .  
And you daren't  
Look inside . . .

— HELEN GARDNER

# Picture of a



**T**HAT OLD SAYING about the pen being mightier than the sword was never truer than it is today.

The swords of modern war are tanks and planes and ships and

bombs. These things cost money... huge sums of money...and that makes money the first requirement in fighting a war.

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► *Nearly all the peoples of the tragic region want federation.*

## CAN THE BALKANS BE UNIFIED?

BY KOSTA TODOROV

THE Balkan peninsula has been known for many generations as "the powder keg of Europe." It has given the world a verb signifying national division and territorial splintering — *to balkanize*. Those unfamiliar with that fascinating corner of Europe are consequently prone to think of it in terms of irreconcilable racial, cultural and political differences. Yet, paradoxically, it is precisely because of these differences — irreconcilable indeed along ethnical or narrow national lines — that there has grown up among the Balkan peoples a deep desire for democratic federation. That yearning for co-operation has had organized expression for half a century, only to be thwarted by reactionary forces within and without the Balkans. It has been raised to a high pitch of determination by the present war.

This Balkan impulse towards

unity can be of vital help to the United Nations in their coming invasion of the Balkans — if they are informed enough and wise enough to exploit it. Indeed, the United Nations will find their political problem in the Balkans as simple or as complex as they choose to make it. If they appeal to the Balkan peoples by solemn promises to support a democratic federation, it will be simple. But if they support the totalitarian Balkan politicians it can become dangerously complicated, for they will then forfeit the confidence and cooperation of the peoples.

The Balkan peninsula forms a truly admirable geographical and economic entity, as if fashioned by nature for unity. But racially and politically it is divided into many nations and states. In this corner of Europe, Rumanians, Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Greeks, Turks, Albanians

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**KOSTA TODOROV**, whose autobiography, *Balkan Firebrand*, has just been published in this country, is one of the foremost leaders of the Balkan federation forces. Now the exiled leader of the Bulgarian Peasant Union, he held many important diplomatic and military posts for his country in the past. Recently he was in the Near East as head of the Free Bulgaria Committee.

and Bulgarians mingle and form a mosaic which renders impossible the fixing of frontiers along ethnical lines. Hence the conflicting territorial claims among the several small states, which have kept the Balkans in a state of political tension often exploding into war, and giving the region its unenviable reputation.

The more intelligent and far-seeing Balkan leaders long ago realized that there could be no solution of these problems except a general solution. From the beginning of this century the idea of federation figured prominently in the programs of the popular parties; and after the first World War, which tore the peninsula only less disastrously than the present war, strong movements were launched in all the Balkan states to promote the idea of unity in defense of the common interest.

But the Balkan peninsula is not only a geographical entity and an ethnical and political jigsaw puzzle. It is also tremendously rich in natural resources, and it is the bridge connecting Europe with South Russia and the Near East. For these reasons it is extremely interesting to the great European powers. And the weakness of the Balkan states has made it possible for the Great Powers to exploit

Balkan rivalries for their own economic and political ends. The present tragedy of the Balkan peoples is due in large measure to this persistent outside interference.

## II

It is significant that in this war the Balkan traitors and Quislings have come from among the middle classes who constitute 5 per cent of the Balkan population, while the heroic and uncompromising resistance to the Axis has come from among the masses. This profound cleavage between the 5 per cent and the 95 per cent is not a new fact in the Balkans. It was expressed long ago by Bismarck, who lived for some time in Bucharest:

When you see in the Balkans a man who wears his shirt outside his trousers [a peasant], that is an honest man. But when you see a man wearing his shirt inside his trousers, a white collar, and a decoration besides, you may be sure he is a complete lowlife.

This observation, although of course exaggerated, is basically true. The Balkan peoples are essentially peasants, all at about the same level of culture, honest and hard working. The bourgeoisie, except for a few very old families, are of recent origin, sprung from the peasantry, whom they exploit ruthlessly. They have forgotten the



simple moral code of the village without learning any other; for they lack the standards that grow out of a long bourgeois tradition. And so they pursue wealth without inhibitions. When they seek political power it is too often only because political power offers a way to easy money through corruption. By its very nature this parvenu bourgeoisie is inimical to the popular interest. Therefore it prefers dictatorships, which render the people powerless.

But the Balkan peoples — the 95 per cent — are genuinely democratic. They have a long tradition of resistance to oppression. For centuries they resisted Turkish domination. Living in a mountainous country which afforded inaccessible hideouts, they were able to carry on incessant guerilla warfare against the Turks, who were no more able to hunt out and annihilate them than the Axis armies today are able to annihilate the heroic bands of General Draja Mihailovich. A great body of legend and folk song has grown out of this traditional and peculiarly Balkan method of warfare.

This tradition explains the stubborn tenacity with which the Balkan peoples are fighting for their freedom today. Guerilla warfare alone cannot free a people from oppres-

sion by a great military power, but it can keep alive the spirit of freedom and the will to fight for it. "To the Greek," General Metaxas was reported to have said, "freedom is life, and death is but an incident." It might with equal truth have been said of the Serbs or Bulgarians. And their unflinching choice of liberty or death the Balkan peoples owe in great measure to a long succession of stubborn guerilla fighters — the *uskok*s of Dalmatia and Croatia, the Greek *kleftis*, the *haiduks* and *chetniks* of Bulgaria and Serbia.

The Axis powers did not reckon with this quality when they added savage massacre of the Greeks and Yugoslavs to their occupation of territory. The miracle of Serb rebellion took place precisely at the moment when they were wiping their bloody hands and proclaiming that Yugoslavia no longer existed and the Serbs had been annihilated. In June, 1941 the Serbs took up arms in the mountains of Bosnia and Serbia. And from that moment the invisible patriot armies have maintained a second front in miniature, forcing the Nazis to keep in Yugoslavia huge armies which otherwise might have been used on the Russian or North African fronts. The fierce love of the Balkan peoples for their independ-

ence has kept their resistance strong despite the massacre of 700,000 Serbs, many thousand Greeks, and even some 4000 of Germany's so-called allies, the Bulgarians.

### III

In the history of the Balkans between wars we can read the reasons for their present ordeal — and a warning to the architects of the future Europe.

The Balkan settlement imposed by the victorious powers after the last war did not settle the rivalries which had torn the young Balkan states for half a century. Within the new Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes there was tension between the Croats and the Serbs. In Bulgaria, which lost the Dobruja to Rumania, Thrace to the Greeks, and part of Macedonia to Yugoslavia, certain disgruntled elements thought more of avenging this price of defeat than of working for Balkan peace. And in all these countries there was poverty and exhaustion due to four years of war, aggravated by failure of the victorious powers to set up a workable economic order for Eastern Europe. Here was material which intriguing foreign powers could use to defeat the popular movement for Balkan federation.

Until Hitler's rise it was Italy which kept the Balkan states divided and in turmoil, in order to promote Italian imperialist designs. No sooner had the peace treaties been signed than the Italian government made clear its intention to use defeated Bulgaria as a Balkan counterpoise to Yugoslavia.

In 1920, while I was Bulgarian Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Italian Minister, Baron Aliotti, came to me with an offer of a secret military alliance "for the purpose of returning to Italy the Adriatic provinces which are historically hers and for the return of Macedonia to Bulgaria." I was present and acted as interpreter when Aliotti repeated this offer to Prime Minister Stamboliski. I translated into more diplomatic terms the Premier's blunt reply: "Tell this Italian musician that because of similar seductive melodies Bulgaria entered the war in 1915 and lost everything."

Baron Aliotti had made his offer to the outstanding enemy of outside interference in Balkan affairs. Alexander Stamboliski, the great leader of the Bulgarian Peasant Party, was pursuing the policy of Balkan unity for which his party had stood since its organization in 1898. His great ambition was to bring about an alliance between the

two South Slav states, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, as a nucleus around which all the Balkan states could group for their common defense.

Thwarted in their desire for an alliance, the Italians resorted to bribery of Stamboliski's enemies, numerous because his drastic measures to improve the abject condition of the peasants interfered with plunder of the peasants by the 5 per cent. And while they subsidized conspiracy against Stamboliski within Bulgaria they did everything possible to embarrass the Peasant Government in its foreign relations, especially its relations with Yugoslavia. This disruptive Italian activity was only intensified by Mussolini's advent, for his whole Balkan policy was based on Yugoslavia's isolation.

A strong pro-democratic Balkan policy on the part of France and Great Britain at that stage could have scotched this intrigue. But the Western Powers were suspicious of Stamboliski. They were terrified of communism, and they mistakenly regarded Stamboliski's sound reforms as communist. And so they harried the Peasant Government when they should have supported it.

The successful conclusion of the Bulgar-Yugoslav alliance was the signal for a *coup d'état* in Bulgaria, in June 1923. Stamboliski was tor-

tured to death and a pro-fascist government was installed at Sofia which — with the King's passive consent — proceeded to conduct a typical fascist terror against his adherents. The alliance which had cost Stamboliski his life was a dead letter.

Those Peasant leaders who were outside Bulgaria at this time — I was one of them — and those who succeeded in escaping, at once organized for the overthrow of the fascist usurpers. But the communists, attempting to forestall our coup, exploded a bomb in the Sofia Cathedral during a funeral attended by the new Ministers. Their plan was to decapitate the government and seize power during the ensuing confusion. But the Ministers escaped, and the terror which followed destroyed not only the communists, but our own revolutionary organization. Bulgaria, which had issued the first call for a Balkan coalition, now became the center for all the forces working to prevent it.

Once again, in 1934, an attempt at Balkan union ended in assassination. This time the victim was a King. After Hitler seized power, Alexander of Yugoslavia began negotiations with the other Balkan powers, including Turkey, for a defensive alliance. The pact was

signed in January 1934 — but without Bulgaria. In May a *coup d'état* in Bulgaria brought to power a group which opposed the pro-fascist policy of the previous government and the King, and favored an alliance with Yugoslavia. It looked as if King Boris might be forced into the new Balkan coalition. The whole Axis conspiracy against civilization was endangered; fascism could not unleash its war of world conquest until it had made sure of its domination of the Balkan peninsula, highway to South Russia and the Near East, and back door to both Italy and Germany.

Such were the political motives behind the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia in Marseilles on October 9, 1934, a crime whose real authors were Mussolini and Hitler, abetted by Horthy of Hungary, Boris of Bulgaria and Pierre Laval of France. It was the first concerted attack by the Axis conspiracy on the European order.

Among Balkan Kings, Alexander played a unique rôle. A Balkan native, descendant of Serbia's liberator, Black George, he followed a consistent policy — the Balkans for the Balkan peoples. King Boris of Bulgaria, Prince of the German house of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, repeated the treason of his father,

King Ferdinand, becoming Mussolini's tool in 1923 and Hitler's ten years later. In Rumania King Carol, also a German prince, after dismissing the great democratic leader, Titulescu, and making himself dictator, vacillated for five years between the Axis and Great Britain, before he was obliged to flee, leaving his country in the hands of the fascist Antonescu. He left behind no regret, for he had shamefully exploited his country for his own gain.

Zog of Albania, the comic-opera king who lost his tinsel crown when the Italians occupied Albania in 1939, had sold his country to Mussolini in 1926 in exchange for that crown and a loan of fifty million gold francs.

And King George of Greece, whose country had passed from monarchy to republic to dictatorship before his restoration in 1935, soon gave up the struggle to reconcile the warring factions and turned over the government to the pro-German dictator, General Metaxas — whose fascist proclivities, be it said to his honor, did not prevent him from leading the glorious resistance to the Italian Axis partner.

Prince Paul, who succeeded Alexander as chief regent for the child King Peter of Yugoslavia, reversed

Alexander's policy and came to terms with both Mussolini and Hitler; and it is a tragic fact that he was influenced to this course by the British Minister, Neville Henderson and the French Minister, Count Dampierre.

For the democracies at this time were committed to the suicidal policy of appeasement. They thought to prevent war by giving fascism a free hand in the Balkans, especially in Balkan trade. "Let Hitler have that market," said Bargeton, director of the political section of the Quai d'Orsay. "It will pacify Hitler." He was wholly indifferent to my warnings of Italian intrigue in the Balkans.

Hitler not only took the market thus blindly yielded. Ten per cent of all receipts on German goods exported to the Balkans was left in those countries to finance Nazi propaganda and bribe Balkan politicians. The Balkan peoples were thus forced to pay for their own ruin. They were powerless to prevent it. Everywhere in the Balkans democracy had gone down before dictatorship, and everywhere the British representatives promoted appeasement of Hitler; the French, appeasement of Mussolini. When French and British policy finally changed, it was too late to save the Balkans.

#### IV

It would be foolish to claim that all Balkan jealousies have been obliterated in the sharing of a common calamity. The narrow and bitter nationalists are still vocal — most vocal in countries like America, far removed from the horrors of Nazi occupation. In the United States the Serbian National Defense Committee, blaming the whole Croat people for the crimes of the Croatian Quisling Ante Pavelich and his gangsters, are making anti-Croat propaganda — yet, paradoxically, calling for a Balkan federation in which "hatred and thoughts of revenge will die away in constructive collaboration." There are Greek and Serbian nationalists, too, who blame the whole Bulgarian people for the crimes of Boris the Last. And there are Croat nationalists who support the communist Partisans against General Draja Mihailovich, not because they love the communists but because they hate the Serbs.

General Mihailovich represents traditional Balkan democratic sentiment — pro-Russian without being pro-communist. The Partisans get their strength mostly from the areas known to the Yugoslavs as the "passive country," arid mountain regions of Dalmatia, the Lika area

of Croatia, Herzegovina, and part of Bosnia, where the peasants have always had to be helped by the more productive areas. This impoverished peasantry has been particularly susceptible to communist propaganda. The feud carried on by the Partisans against Mihailovich — not only in the Balkans but in the international communist press — is fraught with danger to the Allied cause. And it is all the more deplorable because there are among the Partisan groups some men as idealistic as Mihailovich himself.

On the positive side is the fact that Bulgarian, Greek, Croatian and Albanian chetniks are fighting beside the Serbs; and that the peasants of every Balkan country are risking their lives by concealing refugees of other Balkan nationalities from the police of the Axis and the local Quislings. General Mihailovich, who has long been an advocate of Balkan unity, is following a long-range policy to that end. He has set up a strong committee of liberal elements, on which all Balkan nationalities are represented.

The tensions which can once more defeat unity — which, indeed, can even endanger the Allied cause by exploding in civil war — are chiefly due to uncertainty about Allied Balkan policy, and the fear

among the various rival groups that other groups will be specially favored by the United Nations. These tensions could be relieved by a clear Allied declaration that this time the Balkan peoples will have the decisive voice in deciding their own fate. Until now the attitude of the Allies has been confusing, even disturbing. A small clique in the British Foreign Office continues to support totalitarian Balkan elements — including the Quisling King Boris — as if the policy of appeasement had never been abandoned. The British, unlike the American State Department which seems to follow the British lead in Balkan affairs, know a great deal about the Balkans. Their failure to follow a clear pro-democratic policy is not due to ignorance. It is due to reactionary elements acting behind Mr. Churchill's back and in defiance of his policy as proclaimed in the Atlantic Charter.

Once the Allies decide to follow a pro-democratic policy, they will find no lack of political organizations and leaders ready to support their invasion and to carry out the program of democratic federation. Indeed, some of those leaders are now in exile, doing their best to help the Allied cause and that of Balkan unity. In London Dr. Milan

Gavrilovich, Serbian leader of the Yugoslav Peasant Party, is Minister of Justice in the Yugoslav government-in-exile. Its Croat leader, Dr. Vlatko Matchek, preferred arrest to collaboration with the Quisling Ante Pavelich, and is now in a concentration camp in Graz. The majority of democratic leaders in Yugoslavia are for Balkan union. For example, in Liubliana, after the Axis occupation, the local political leaders united in a secret conference which adopted the program of South Slav union, as a basis for Balkan federation.

In Bulgaria the national Peasant Union, the largest political party in the country, has always stood for federation. Two of its leaders, Dr. Georgi Dimitrov and myself, are abroad — he in Cairo, I in Canada. Dr. Dimitrov had to flee Bulgaria after Boris turned the country over to the Nazis. Surely he could give British agencies in the Near East more dependable counsel than two agents of King Boris who came out last year on regular passports — that is, with Nazi consent — and whom the British have made advisers on Bulgarian affairs. In every Balkan country there are democratic parties and leaders upon

whom the Allies could base a democratic policy. There are such men — although for obvious reasons I cannot publish their names — among Bulgarian military leaders. In Rumania the Peasant Party stands for Balkan unity. Its leader, Dr. Julius Maniu, is kept under close surveillance because of his steady refusal to cooperate with the Axis. In Greece the Republican Peasant Party supports democratic federation. A Greek leader who also stands for Balkan unity is Dimitrius Lambrakis, former editor of the greatest Greek newspaper, *Eleftheros Vima*, and now a guerilla fighter in the mountains of his native land.

Alexander Herzen once said that Europe would be united by the will of force or the force of will. Hitler has tried the will of force, nowhere with more disastrous failure than in the Balkans. It may be too much to hope that the United Nations will try the force of will; but if they do, they will find that the will of the Balkan peoples is to be united for their mutual protection and prosperity within a democratic federation which corresponds to the geographic unity of their Peninsula.



## AMERICANS GROW MAP-MINDED

BY JOHN K. WRIGHT

THE changing world outlook of the American people is strikingly revealed today by an unprecedented boom in the sale of maps. The demand is not confined to specialists. A voracious appetite for geographical information has spread to all sections of the reading public, so that map publishers are unable to keep pace with the market. It is as if the average American, shocked into global consciousness by the war and the airplane, had determined overnight to correct his insular misconceptions fostered by a century of hemispheric isolation.

The boom started the morning after Pearl Harbor. Within two weeks, according to *Publisher's Weekly*, a buying wave wiped out the stocks of atlases, globes and Pacific maps in all the larger shops of the country. New editions of

world maps, rushed off the presses 30,000 at a time, were sold out in forty-eight hours. In many shops, the public bought up in a single day what would normally have been a year's supply. Rand McNally, one of the larger publishers, had its biggest year since the firm was founded in 1864. Sales skyrocketed so sharply, in fact, that government maps of the Philippines had to be withdrawn from retail sale in order to assure an adequate supply for the military forces.

The demand has remained insatiable ever since. A ten-cent Pacific map, distributed by United Press through local newspapers, sold half a million copies in the first six months of the war. Last year, the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey sold more than two million copies of its own maps and charts, which was more than double the previous

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JOHN K. WRIGHT, *director of the American Geographical Society, is one of the country's foremost authorities on maps. He is the author of The Geographical Lore of the Time of the Crusades (1925) and other books in the field of geography, and editor of the six-volume Oriental Explorations and Studies, Atlas of the Historical Geography of the United States and other publications of the American Geographical Society.*



year. Commercial map publishers report that current business has tripled all previous records. Even advertisers, discovering that maps have suddenly taken on an irresistible appeal, are now distributing them by the millions.

\* \* \*

The war's far-flung battlefronts account for part of this remarkable interest. But more fundamental is our eagerness to understand the revolutionary time and space concepts brought about by the airplane. The schoolroom wall maps of our childhood showed the earth either as two separate hemispheres, or as a rectangle drawn on the Mercator projection. Both methods distorted the relative sizes and positions of land and water. They engraved on our minds a horizontal, East-West geography and encouraged the tendency to think of the hemispheres as independent of each other.

On a Mercator map Greenland appears as large as Africa. Actually,

it is only about one-tenth the size. The Mercator projection led us to assume that the shortest route from northern Canada to central Siberia ran due east. Actually, the direct route lies over the North Pole. In an age when sailing vessels had to follow winds and currents, such errors had little practical consequence. But the airplane has forced us to look at the world as the globe that it is. The shortest route is now no longer "as the crow flies," but as *we* fly. And since we now find ourselves between enemies on opposite sides of the earth, the matter of the shortest route between distant points is today of life-and-death import. Our future economic and political relationships, moreover, will depend on our understanding of these previously neglected geographical concepts.

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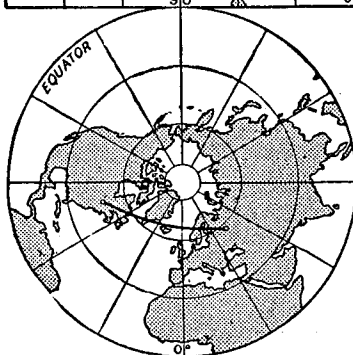
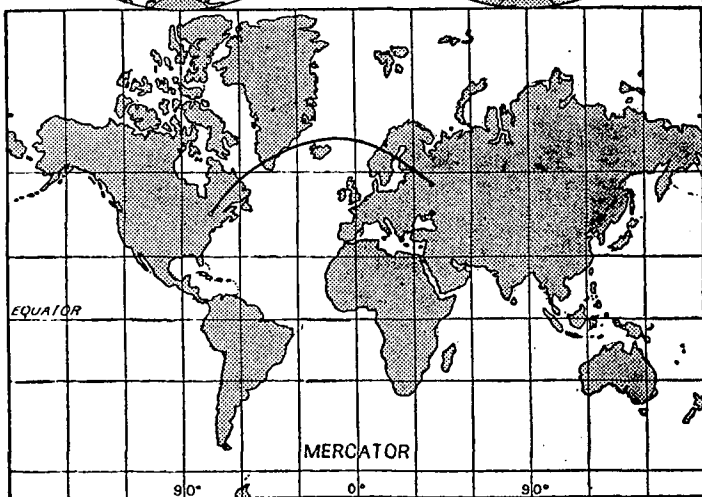
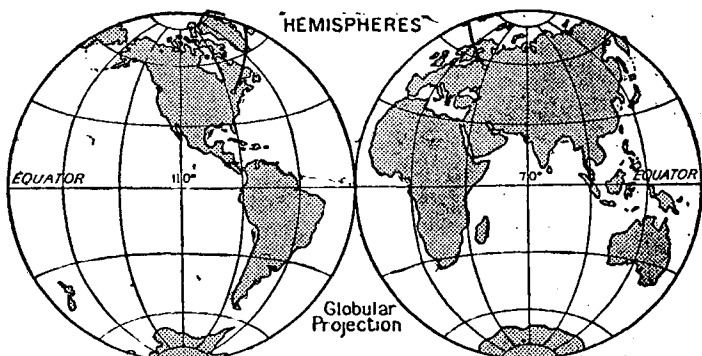
From our present point of view, the traditional maps are misleading in two serious respects. The hemispheric maps cut both the Pacific

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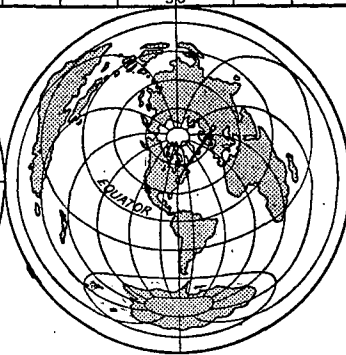
#### NOTE ON MAPS ON OPPOSITE PAGE:

*The two hemispheres at the top and the Mercator Projection in the center are the world maps familiar to Americans from school days. The other two, at the bottom, are centered on the North Pole and on Schenectady, New York, respectively. The Polar map includes only half, the Schenectady map the greater part, of the earth's surface.*

*The heavy black line on each of the five maps shows the "great-circle route" from Schenectady to Moscow. Note that only in the Azimuthal Schenectady-centered map is this a true straight line. Furthermore, the only great-circle routes that would appear as straight lines on the Polar and Azimuthal maps are routes starting from or passing over the North Pole and Schenectady respectively.*



POLAR EQUIDISTANT

AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT  
(Centered on Schenectady)

and Arctic regions in two. The Mercator maps distort the polar regions.

This in turn has helped perpetuate two basic distortions of modern realities. First, we unconsciously tend to view the polar regions as an impassable barrier. Second, we fail to realize acutely enough that it is now easily possible to fly in any direction from any point on the surface of the earth. These misconceptions are chiefly responsible for our confusion when trying to visualize the shortest routes, or "great-circle courses," between distant points. They also explain our difficulty in grasping the important fact highlighted by the present global war — namely, that there is no fixed center to the geographical or strategic picture.

The best antidote for Mercator-mindedness is the use of a globe. Also valuable are the many recent maps, designed to correct some of the traditional distortions. These maps are centered around the poles, or around other important points — such as New York or Berlin. They are extremely useful in demonstrating the great-circle distances and directions with respect to the central points.

Maps centered on different points in the North Polar regions bring

many unexpected facts into sharp focus. They show that Nome, for example, is some 750 miles nearer Murmansk, Russia's ice-free port on the Arctic, than it is to Washington. The Alaskan city is also about the same distance from Tokyo that it is from San Diego. The direct route from Berlin to Nome is only about 100 miles more than it is to Detroit.

Maps similarly centered in other regions show us that the direct, great-circle course from Duluth, Minnesota, to Moscow, for example, travels northeast and crosses central Greenland. The shortest route from Buenos Aires, Argentina, to Perth, Australia, passes near the South Pole. The shortest course from Los Angeles to Chungking is not due west, but goes over the Aleutian Islands and Kamchatka.

Emphasis on this kind of information is also helping us to discard our Americo-centric notions of areas and distances. Our past tendency mentally has been to exaggerate the size of familiar nearby regions in comparison with less familiar, far-off areas. Today we are discovering that Guadalcanal is as big as Long Island. It is also as far from Sydney, Australia, as Brownsville, Texas, is from New York. We are no longer surprised to learn that the distances

from Berlin to Stalingrad, from Manila to Bangkok, from Cairo to Tunis, and from Boston to Wichita, Kansas, are all about equal.

Use of these unfamiliar projections has come as such a revelation to us that it has been called the "new geography." But the "new" projections have actually been known to geographers for centuries. Gerardus Mercator, after whom the Mercator projection is named, made a map centered at the North Pole as early as 1569. It is important to note, besides, that the new spherical projections have their own distortions. These are particularly great in the regions on the rim of the map, which become spread or lengthened out of all proportion to the center. For purposes of navigation at sea, the old Mercator projection is still indispensable.

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Although Americans are rapidly overcoming their earlier indifference, we still lag behind Europe in cartographic skill. No really first-rate world atlas has ever been published in this country: we have none comparable to the outstanding British, German, Swedish, Italian and Russian works. Nor do we have any comprehensive national atlas of the United States like those of France, Finland, Italy or Czechoslovakia.

British maps show every square mile of land in the most minute detail. All of England, for example, was mapped many years ago by the Ordnance Survey in about 60,000 sheets drawn on a scale of two *feet* to the mile. These maps showed the shape of every house, the boundaries of every property, the high and low water lines on the beaches, and even the rocks exposed at low tide. The modern Ordnance and Bartholomew maps on a scale of one inch to the mile, sold in peacetime in almost every bookstore and railway station in England, are wonderfully rich in information. A Bartholomew map of a Lake District region gives the name of each little hill, moor and brook. Similarly, an Ordnance map of the Oxford region gives the names of farms, patches of woods, and points of historic significance — such as an old Saxon road.

Similar detail is also present on maps of certain British possessions. For example, the one inch to the mile maps of British Malaya show all bridges, cart-tracks, bridle paths, foot-paths, walls, fences and hedges. They show whether the bridges are of iron, wood, masonry or reinforced concrete construction. The railway lines are marked with symbols indicating stone embankments, cuttings, tunnels, types of road

crossings and even the mile posts. Every hospital, school, mine, post office and telegraph office is shown. Each plantation is named, and its designation — whether pineapple, rubber or coconut — is given.

By contrast, the United States has large areas for which there are no adequate maps at all. Our fundamental topographic maps, though good, are on smaller scales, and are less detailed than those of the European countries. Some of the road maps that were handed out at filling stations in peace times are excellent for their particular purpose. But we have nothing like the beautiful Ordnance maps of the English countryside.

Our backwardness in this respect is readily understandable. It is due partly to our immense area, partly to our past isolation, and partly to our relative security. We are not one of a group of nations confined together on a small continent, fearful of invasion, and with interlocking interests and claims. Significantly, the mapping of our lands and waters has been done by the Geological Survey and the Coast and Geodetic Survey — both civilian agencies of the government. In Europe, the corresponding work has been done by armies and navies charged with the requirements of national defense.

Our relative indifference to the geography of the outside world has been due to our localized interests. Only a minute fraction of our population has had close contact with foreign trade or developmental activities abroad. But all of this is being rapidly changed. New maps of critical areas all over the world are being feverishly prepared by the government for use by the armed forces. Aerial photography has developed wholly new methods for rapid charting of unfamiliar territories. Thousands of soldiers and sailors in camps and universities are being trained in map-making and map-reading. Much of this knowledge and information must necessarily remain secret for the duration. When released after the war, however, it will more than offset our earlier handicaps. Our lag behind Europe will doubtless be rapidly closed.

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Maps can do much more than merely show boundaries or portray terrains. They can reveal and emphasize important facts invisible to the human eye or to the camera.

Most of us are familiar with charts showing winds and ocean currents. But maps can also be used to show the languages men speak and the faiths they profess, the character of their labors and

the growth or decline of population: They can reconstruct the rise and fall of empires, illustrate the progress of military campaigns and battles, and record the succession of ancient geological changes.

A map showing the duration of international boundaries, for example, will reveal at a glance that one of Europe's most stable frontiers is the line between Germany and Czechoslovakia, parts of which lasted some eight hundred years. A series of maps showing the distribution of cotton spindles in the United States at different periods during the last hundred years brings out, as no statistical table can, the story of the industry's migration from New England to the South. Such dynamic visualizations often help sociologists, economists and diplomats to grasp the significant forces in human affairs.

At the same time, maps may lie. Their clean-cut appearance gives them an air of scientific authority which they do not always merit. Maps are made by human beings, and are subject to human failings. The sources of information may be wrong, or the map maker's knowledge and judgment may be bad. Many maps are not drawn from nature, but compiled from such documentary sources as other maps, travelers' reports or printed statis-

tics, which may themselves be wrong. Often enough, certain details on a map may represent merely guesswork on the part of its maker. In many cases, it is impossible to judge the accuracy of a map without actually consulting the sources on which it was based.

Sometimes, moreover, a map may represent a deliberate deception in the service of special interests. German propagandists, notably the *Geopolitikers*, have long used this device to further their "master race" ambitions. It is easy, for example, to prepare a map in which the color red might be used to show the presence of a particular nationality in a given region. Though used in varying intensities, the red tone would spread throughout the entire area, whereas actually that nationality might constitute only a small percentage of the whole population.

Maps must therefore be used with a critical attitude and a consciousness of their limitations. The reliability of most U. S. government maps may be unhesitatingly accepted. But it is not safe to take on faith the reliability of the average reference map, atlas map or statistical map. A map detailed enough for measuring the air-line distance from Boston to New York may be quite unsuitable for meas-

uring the total length of the Maine coastline. The accuracy of a general reference map may usually be checked by comparing it with good maps of the same region on larger scales.

Few people have any idea of the amount of labor involved in preparing maps. The surveys on which the fundamental government maps and charts are based have required generations. At the American Geographical Society, a staff of about ten people has been working for twenty-three years on a detailed compiled map of South and Central America. For this map, which is reproduced on a scale of about 16 miles to the inch (1:1,000,000) and is being issued in 107 sheets, some 50,000 different sources of information have been used. A

noteworthy feature on each sheet is a small inset map — or “relative reliability diagram” — disclosing the varying quality of the sources from which different parts of the main map were derived.

Such reliability guides, however, are all too rarely given. Very little, in fact, is being done to guide the average American in his judgment and selection of maps. Although books and paintings are reviewed in the newspapers regularly, a review of a new map is seldom seen.

Yet the great wave of interest in maps should bring with it a new critical attitude and a more discerning knowledge. Maps in the future will help Americans to become citizens of the world, citizens who, in turn, will demand that the world be accurately portrayed.



### *Look Who's Talking!*

The Anglo-American resistance does not lie in the fighting courage of their peoples. No, rather it lies in the crafty policy of deceit of their Governments. In the storm that will break soon in Europe and in Asia our enemies will consistently use this medieval weapon, and will try to fight, not with steel, but with the policy of repulsive craftiness.

— TOKYO BROADCAST, June 14, 1943

The enemy trembles in his lair, feeling emptiness in his heart. . . .  
We will know how to resist.

— FASCIST PARTY SECRETARY CARLO SCORZA,  
in Rome broadcast, June 29, 1943

# JEWS WHO FIGHT ZIONISM

BY MAURICE SAMUEL

AMONG the strange and tragic phenomena of our time few are more bewildering than the spectacle of Jews banded together to prevent other Jews from acquiring a National Homeland in Palestine. Were it not for the urgent practical bearings of the subject, these anti-Zionist Jews might be dismissed as a historical — and psychological — oddity. But the Jewish problem is deeply interwoven with the general problem of world stabilization. Failure to understand its peculiar rôle as an instrument of world reaction was a factor in the rise of Nazism; failure to grapple with it on statesmanlike terms tomorrow will leave uncured a dangerous centre of moral infection. And the Zionist program, the creation of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine, is urged as an integral part of the wider solution of the Jewish problem. Hence the seeming divi-

sion within Jewry must be disturbing to everyone concerned with postwar reconstruction.

The subject has just been brought prominently to the fore again by an article in *Life* (June 28) by Lessing Rosenwald, setting forth the basic objections which he and some other Jews have against the Zionist movement. Mr. Rosenwald, son of the famous mail-order merchant and philanthropist, does not himself bulk large in the American Jewish community. But his article provides a perfect case study, in that it reflects perfectly a certain type of Jewish mind, and for that reason deserves analysis.

Mr. Rosenwald sets out with a claim which calls for careful scrutiny. He writes:

Great numbers of Americans of the Jewish faith do not consider the establishment of a Jewish National State in Palestine, or elsewhere, to be part of a desirable or constructive solution

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MAURICE SAMUEL lived in Palestine, on and off, for a period of ten years, and has lectured and written extensively on the Jewish question. Among his several books are *The Great Hatred, an analysis of anti-Semitism*, and *The World of Sholem Aleichem*, which has just been published.



of the postwar Jewish problems. In America this opinion is held by an organization known as the American Council for Judaism, Inc.

The following objective facts should be noted: of the thousand American-trained rabbis in this country, *i.e.*, rabbis who took their degrees in American seminaries, ninety-odd formed "the American Council for Judaism" about a year ago, and about half of them have since withdrawn. All these dissident rabbis belong to the Reform Rabbinate. But at the last annual convention of this body, held in New York in July, 1943, a resolution was passed by a large majority calling "upon our colleagues of the American Council for Judaism to terminate this organization."

In the Orthodox and Conservative wings of the American Rabbinate, constituting an overwhelming majority of the Jewish clergy, there are no anti-Zionist groups. The leading rabbis of America, like Stephen S. Wise, Louis Finkelstein, Solomon Goldman, Abba Hillel Silver, Israel Goldstein, James G. Heller, are unanimously Zionist. As to the attitude of the Jewish laity, it was expressed clearly in the recent elections to the American Jewish Conference, a democratically elected body; over 80 per cent of the delegates-elect are Zion-

ists and pro-Zionists, less than 5 per cent are openly anti-Zionists.

These are important facts. If the non-Jewish world is misled into believing that "great numbers" of American Jews are opposed to the establishment of a National Jewish State in Palestine, it will not think the project feasible or worthwhile. Despite the fears of a Jewish Homeland by men like Lessing Rosenwald, Jews are less divided on this issue than any other people in the world on any issue of major importance.

Aside from the claims of large Jewish support for the Rosenwald position, what of his arguments? These, of course, are not new. They express an attitude which emerged side by side with the emergence of the Zionist movement. They are, in fact, an almost letter-perfect repetition of the arguments which a group of English Jews used in 1917 in an effort to prevent the British Government from issuing the famous Balfour Declaration.

The parallel is instructive from many points of view. In 1917 the condition of European Jewry, though far better than it is today, was bad enough. The cry for an outlet, and for a chance to rebuild a free Jewish life in Palestine after the war, went up from millions of Jews. It was then that the British

Government, at the prompting of the Zionist movement, issued the celebrated Balfour Declaration:

His Majesty's government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

This statement of policy was not made unilaterally. It was the subject of long discussion between the Allies. It had the consent of the American, French and Italian governments. It was ratified unanimously in 1922 by fifty-one members of the League of Nations, and separately by the Congress of the United States. But it was regarded as a calamity by an English group of Jewish anti-Zionists.

There were not many of these Jews. But they were influential, and their opposition was fanatical. One was a member of the British cabinet — the only one in that body to fight the Balfour Declaration. Another was a member of the nobility. A third was a collateral descendant of the famous philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore. Significantly, all of them belonged to the upper crust of English

Jewry, the tiny, well-to-do, comfortably adapted fourth generation of immigrant forbears, spiritually, intellectually and socially out of touch with the great masses of suffering Jewry in Europe.

They did not want those other Jews to set up a Jewish homeland in Palestine. They were not content with disassociating themselves from the movement. They protested and they organized their opposition. But they were ignored by the British government, the League of Nations, and the vast majority of Jews.

The episode is recalled here for something more than the historic parallel. Since that time, a quarter of a century ago, the Jewish Homeland in Palestine has gone forward, under many handicaps. The Jewish population of the country grew from 58,000 to 600,000. A remarkable centre of civilization has been created in one of the world's derelict areas. Its future depends upon the benevolent assent of the United Nations. We are no longer dealing with what was, in 1917, a theoretical proposition. A great achievement, more than half a million lives within Palestine, millions more outside of Palestine, are dependent on the decision of the coming peace conference or conferences. Yet the

anti-Zionist arguments used by Jews are exactly the same in 1943 as in 1917. Let us examine them as they are set forth in *Life*.

## II

Mr. Rosenwald argues that the idea of a National Jewish State is incompatible with the ethical concepts of Judaism. He adds:

Those of the Jewish faith who oppose a National Jewish State hold that it embraces the very racist theories and nationalistic philosophies that have become so prevalent in recent years, that have caused untold suffering to the world, and particularly to the Jews.

This is just a roundabout way of saying that advocacy of a Jewish Homeland is tinged with Nazism. However, there happens to be a world of difference between "racist theories" and "nationalistic philosophies." The former are pure delusions, the resort of demagoguery; the latter are ideal concepts capable of both good and evil. "The truth of history," says Mr. Rosenwald, "is that for centuries the Jews have considered themselves nationals of those countries in which they have lived." But if being nationals of the lands of their adoption is not a Nazi trait in some Jews, why should it be so in other Jews who want to be nationals in a Jewish homeland?

The second of the classic arguments against a Jewish State is presented thus: "The result must inevitably be that here in America, or for Jews elsewhere, the question of dual allegiance will be raised by men who, in critical times, lack discrimination and understanding."

From this it appears that the Jewish problem must be answered with a view to anticipating the objections of men who lack discrimination and understanding. Apparently when statesmen, past and present, of the calibre of Balfour, Wilson, Milner, Smuts and Roosevelt support the idea of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine, the answer of the Jews must be: "Thank you, but *we* must take our cue from the rabble-rousers."

This is the very ecstasy of fear. Who has ever heard that any group, people or faith shall be urged to abdicate its moral judgments *lest immoral people be provoked*? What does it matter whether the provocation exists in "critical times" or in normal times? Like all panicky proposals, this one to abandon the idea of a Jewish Homeland, to which decent people assent, in order that indecent people may be deprived of an argument, is worse than futile. Anti-Semites are not likely to desist from persecution simply because no Jewish

Homeland exists. When these timidiities were urged in 1917, the London *Times* wrote:

Only an imaginative nervousness suggests that the realization of territorial Zionism, in some form, would cause Christendom to turn round on the Jews and say, "Now you have a land of your own, go to it."

It should be noted that this "imaginative nervousness" is confined to a small group of Jews, precisely those who are furthest removed, in memory and experience, from the actual horrors of anti-Semitism.

Mr. Rosenwald goes on to voice the fear that, in supporting the creation of the Jewish Homeland in Palestine, American Jews will become involved in issues of world policy, to the detriment of their own country. The answer is that no loyal Irish-American, or Swedish-American, or even German-American, is estopped from taking a special interest in the welfare of the land of his origin. To retain a sentiment of attachment to the old country, to wish that country well, to work for its freedom and advancement, is evidence of a warm heart and a wholesome disposition. These qualities enhance a man's value as a citizen; they bespeak an attitude wholly compatible with the highest concepts of Americanism. It is enough to recall that the Jewish supporters of Zionism

have included, in this country, men of the standing of Louis D. Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter, to place the suspicion of "dual allegiance" in its right perspective.

### III

A third classic argument is then raised by Mr. Rosenwald. Should a Jewish State be established, "both Palestine and Jewish residents of those European countries would be caught between the nether and the upper millstones. Migration pressures would militate against both." That is to say, the existence of a Jewish State would inspire anti-Semitic governments to press for the migration of Jews to Palestine in larger numbers than Palestine could absorb. Again one asks: has the absence of a Jewish Homeland ever deterred anti-Semitic governments from exerting pressure on their Jewish subjects? Real population pressures are not created by the knowledge that there exists an outlet. They are created by local conditions. But when the pressure is there, and is applied to Jews among others, it can be sensibly diminished if Palestine is able to siphon off a large number of Jews annually.

Mr. Rosenwald writes: "The problem of the Jew is part of the

total human problem. It must be solved as such, and it must be solved in those places where it exists." Certainly it must. The creation of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine is not a denial of the rights of Jews to be accepted as loyal citizens wherever they are, any more than the creation of the Irish Free State is an invitation to all Irish Americans to return to Eire. Mr. Rosenwald himself adds:

Many, through necessity or from their own choice, will seek to locate in other lands. It will be imperative to find adequate areas . . . where men can start life anew under conditions where they can carve out their own destinies as free men, with the assurance that their new homelands will provide for them Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

The chance to "carve out their own destinies as free men" is exactly what millions of Jews look for in the creation of a Jewish Homeland. "Palestine is capable of absorbing even more settlers, to the advantage of themselves and their Mohammedan neighbors," Mr. Rosenwald states. He should have added that this absorptive capacity was created by the Jews; that the optimum density of population for Palestine is still a long way off; that two or three million "settlers" can find room there; that, if these opportunities are used to the full, a Jewish majority would be created

in Palestine within ten years, and that a Jewish State would automatically follow.

Mr. Rosenwald will not take these logical steps. He merely says:

Palestine has made a great record. Palestine's achievement should not be wasted. Palestine should be *one* of the countries selected for resettlement. But a National Jewish State not only is not essential to such a purpose; it will be a detriment to such a service. In all probability, little if any difference of opinion exists regarding Palestine as a place of settlement. It is very likely that it is the demand for a National Jewish State in Palestine that engenders the opposition of King Ibn Saud.

This passage touches on the crux of the practical problem. The demand of the Arab politicians of Palestine, and Arabs outside of Palestine playing for their support, is *for the total cessation of Jewish immigration into Palestine*. There is no ground for saying that "in all probability little if any difference of opinion exists regarding Palestine as a place of settlement." In its policy of appeasement to the pro-Axis Arab politicians, England has, in fact, declared that after 1944 there shall be *no* Jewish immigration into Palestine. This policy may, and "in all probability" will, be reversed. But it does not help to pretend that the Arab leaders, as distinguished from Arab masses

who are benefitting by Jewish immigration, would welcome Jews in limited numbers.

"Palestine has made a great record," says Mr. Rosenwald. He means, of course, the Jewish colonization of Palestine, since the progress of the Arab population has been entirely dependent on Jewish achievement, as one sees at a glance by comparing the developing Arab life in Palestine with the static conditions in Syria, Irak and Saudi Arabia, King Ibn Saud's territory. But why has Jewish Palestine made this great record? The answer is extremely simple, though it does not figure in Mr. Rosenwald's statement, and contradicts his entire thesis. *It is because the Jews who went to Palestine were, in the vast majority of cases, moved by a deep and resolute Jewish nationalism, which carried them through one of the most grueling pioneering tasks in history.* They would not have gone there, they would not have endured the conditions they found, if they had not believed that they were the pioneers of a National Jewish Home.

But the nationalism of ~~Zionists~~ must be understood in its right historic context. It was and is a religious and Biblical phenomenon. It is saturated with the social consciousness of the Prophets. It in-

sisted upon the rebirth of the very language of the Bible — classical Hebrew. It imposed upon the *Chalutzim*, or pioneers, the incapable duty of building a just society. This blend of tradition and hope produced in the Jewish pioneers an incomparable morale, without which they would have given up the struggle.

These pioneers died, by the hundreds, of malaria, of sub-tropical diseases and of malnutrition. The survivors held out until they and the land had been transformed in a parallel process, so that even anti-Zionists can write today: "Palestine has a great record." But they would take away from the movement the springs which made that record possible!

The same lack of understanding operates here as in the theory of the appeasement of anti-Semitism. It is peculiar to a small group of Jews who do not know whence the Zionists drew their strength, just as they do not remember the obstacles they themselves have placed in the way of Zionist achievement.

#### IV

Mr. Rosenwald says that "between the years 1920 and the rise of Hitlerism, 1933, the Jewish population increase in Palestine (immigra-

tion less migration) was negligible." Hence, he argues, only necessity, and not a national ideal, brought Jews to Palestine. The official figures contradict the basis of the argument. In 1919 the Jewish population of Palestine was 58,000; in 1933 it was 230,000. This is a more than fourfold increase in fourteen years.

Could it have gone faster? Yes, if the rich Jews had not left the providing of funds to the middle classes and working classes. With a few notable exceptions, like Baron Edmond Rothschild of Paris and Felix Warburg of America, the small class of wealthy Jews averted their gaze from Palestine, fearing that their position in the lands of their adoption would be compromised by an interest in a Jewish Palestine. The movement suffered chronically from shortage of funds. Incredible as it must sound there are, as Mr. Rosenwald well knows, rich American Jews who will not even contribute to the general overseas relief fund called the United Jewish Appeal, because part of the money goes to the building of the National Jewish Home. More than this, the anti-Zionist Jews have never ceased to dissuade the British government (itself grown lukewarm on the proposition) from promoting the

growth of Jewish Palestine in the spirit of the Balfour Declaration. For such Jews to remark — inaccurately, be it noted — that the growth of Jewish Palestine between 1920 and 1933 was "negligible" is adding insult to injury.

The Jewish colonization of Palestine is a unique achievement of its kind. Not all the money in the world, not all the political support, could have raised the tempo of colonization beyond a certain rate. A Jewish Palestine of 58,000 inhabitants, which has to redeem new land from swamp and desert, and has to train the newcomers from the ghettos, does more than well if it doubles its population in seven years, quadruples it in fourteen. Today Jewish Palestine, with its 600,000 inhabitants, can raise the tempo of growth. It can absorb 150,000 to 200,000 newcomers annually, which is more than the rest of the world combined is likely to absorb from stricken European Jewry in the postwar years.

It is perfectly true that once the initial difficulties were overcome, Palestine attracted numbers of Jews whose Zionist sentiments were less intense than those of the pioneers, and in some cases were entirely absent. The more than 100,000 German Jews who have found refuge in Palestine since 1933 have

had reason to bless the nationalist passion of those who preceded them, even though, like Mr. Rosenwald, many of them could not share it. They have changed a great deal, as I have had occasion to notice during my many visits to the Jewish Homeland.

Something more must be said regarding Arab opposition to Jewish immigration. It flourishes among political leaders who, with every increase in the Jewish population, see their immemorial hold over the country weakening. They see the medieval, semi-feudal economy yielding to modern methods of agriculture and industry, and modern social concepts. The Nazi leanings of the principal Arab anti-Zionists, the open collaboration of the Grand Mufti (who is now in Berlin) with Hitler and Mussolini, indicate that the opposition of Arab politicians to Jewish immigration into Palestine is part of the world-wide struggle between totalitarianism and democracy.

This brings us to one of the most important aspects of the Zionist program, which links it with the world picture. The Zionist movement contemplates something more than the creation of a Jewish State

in Palestine. It is also concerned with the general postwar reconstruction, and with the creation of a centre of democracy in the Near East, which is economically, politically and ideologically, a potential centre of reaction.

In his statement of the Zionist case in *Life*, Dr. Wise reproduced the treaty made in 1919 between the Emir Feisal, the greatest Arab leader of modern times, and Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization. The Emir Feisal dreamed of a united Arabia, and regarded a Jewish Homeland in Palestine as an asset of prime importance in the combination. Feisal was a man of imagination and courage. He foresaw a Pan-Arab Federation within which a Jewish Homeland would be the modernizing factor. His mind went back to the medieval period when Jews and Arabs cooperated in the creation of a great civilization, and he looked forward to a time when the episode would be repeated. Feisal's dream was shattered by the postwar fragmentation of the Near East. It can be revived to the mutual benefit of Jews and Arabs, and of mankind generally.





# THE GREAT HINCKLEY FIRE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THERE was little of dawn about that morning in the woods of eastern Minnesota. Through the small hours blazing stumps of pine lighted up a logging road in the long swamp west of Hinckley village and gave the scene an air of peculiar and ominous beauty. These stumps and thousands more like them had smoldered unheeded through July and August, and now in September they began to blaze in a morning that had no dew or other moisture about it. The smoke haze lay heavy on the land, and oxen were heard to cough in the hovels of a score of homesteads and logging camps.

In Hinckley, metropolis of the region, it was just another smoky Saturday, the first day of September 1894. The whistle of the Brennan Lumber Company's big saw-mill said it was seven o'clock, but nothing else indicated that day had begun. It was all sort of gray-like,

neither day nor night. But men obeyed the whistle and the ten-hour drone of saws started cutting the lumber and shingles that made Hinckley an important station on two railroads between St. Paul and Duluth.

As the morning wore on, certain of Hinckley's citizens felt a sense of uneasiness. The pall of gray appeared to lift for a few moments, and everything looked as though bathed in a ghastly light of pale yellow that seemed not to be any doing of the sun. Human beings and objects looked unreal. The strange light passed and again the gray sifted down, deeper and darker this time. When the mill office clock pointed to noon, George Albricht, the bookkeeper, had a kerosene lamp going to see his figures. Falling ash dried his ink.

The noon hour came and went in a hush that men afterward said seemed complete. Not a bird gave

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STEWART H. HOLBROOK has achieved a reputation as an authority on the history and folklore of the Far West, and has written several books on the subject. His article in this issue will form part of *Burning an Empire*, the first book about American forest fires, to be published this fall.

a cry in the woods around town. No dog barked on the village street. The kids were quiet. And shortly after one o'clock a stiff wind came out of the southwest and the volunteer fire department was called to the edge of town where a dozen creeping fires had reared up on their legs. The wind continued to freshen, and now on the wind were riding hot coals and embers that burned and smoldered where they fell in streets that were more sawdust than soil. Soon, a cloud as big and dark as Old Night appeared on the horizon, and Tommy Dunn, telegraph operator at the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad station, received the last message he ever would handle. It told that Pokegama, nine miles south on the line, was right then being destroyed by sudden forest fire that had leaped out of the woods and burned many inhabitants to death.

The great black cloud bore on toward Hinckley. Douglass Greeley, Hinckley hotel proprietor, stood on the veranda to watch it a moment and to listen to a far-off, low-pitched roar that sounded like a waterfall.

Things were beginning to happen now. Father Lawler, Catholic priest, who had been working with the fire department, came running up the main street, shouting as did

Jonah in Ninevah of old. "Run for your lives," he cried. "Run to the gravel pit. Run to the river! Save your lives!"

And then, in a seeming instant, hell itself roared into Hinckley on the back of a rising hurricane.

There was no time to save anything. Mothers snatched babies out of flour-barrel cribs and fled. A legion of housecats trooped down the street, fear in their eyes. A team of horses at a hitching rack snorted in terror, broke their bounds and ran wildly — toward the coming fire.

The town, so drowsy a moment before, was now alive and running for its very life. Many folks ran to the Eastern Minnesota Railroad depot where stood a passenger and a freight train, preparing to pass each other. Not before did Hinckley need a train so much. The two trains were hastily coupled, with William Best and Ed Barry at the throttles of the two locomotives. The bells jangled to hurry the fleeing townspeople. Presently the depot itself began to burn brightly. Paint on the sides of the cars was bubbling into great blisters. And still they came — men, women and children, running and screaming. Dr. Ernest Stephen, Hinckley's new and young M.D., was one of the last to arrive, lugging one of Jim Coffin's kids, Jim with an-

other. As they boarded the crowded cars, the depot became a furnace and the paint on the cars started to drip. Engineer Best let go a short blast, and the train moved away from the station.

A new and greater hurricane of wind and fire swept in, and Engineer Best watched Hinckley burn for a moment he never could forget. He saw men and women and horses and cows stagger in a street a moment, then go down to burn like so many flares of pitch pine. Fire leaped at the sides of houses and devoured them so quickly that the engineer saw bedroom sets plainly outlined against the flames.

The train was running deep in the darkness of smoke. Just as it crossed the Grindstone river bridge on the north edge of town, Engineer Best heard screams and shouting close at hand. He slowed down and some forty-odd people were hauled aboard, the hair of some of them pretty well gone. Then the train moved faster, and on through smoke and fire to Sandstone village, nine miles from Hinckley. A brief stop was made and passengers shouted to Sandstone folk, warning them that all hell was in the rear and traveling fast. Not one soul in Sandstone was quite ready to pay heed. The train moved on again and in less than twenty min-

utes the fire storm swept into Sandstone and burned everything up, including forty-five citizens.

Gradually pulling out of the range of fire, Engineer Best kept his train moving until Superior was reached and more than half of his five hundred refugees hospitalized.

## II

Back in blazing Hinckley, Death was hunting out most of the remaining inhabitants. More than a hundred took refuge in a swale along the railroad tracks and there they were burned to black crisps or gray-white ashes, every last one. Allen Fraser was near enough to hear them die. "When the fire wave hit that swamp," he said, "there was one piercing cry of anguish, then everything was still except for the howling of the wind." Fraser and his family withstood the fiery blast by getting into barrels of water.

A few other Hinckley folk managed to survive in the shallow waters of the Grindstone river. More than a hundred lived it out in the gravel pit—long considered an eyesore, but now a haven indeed. But the many folk who ran north on the St. Paul & Duluth tracks were in for a tragic time. The ties

smoked, then burst into flame under their feet, and fire reached out to catch and stop first one, then two, then a dozen, until thirty-three had fallen on the rails and roasted there. The survivors of this flight, those who still pressed on northward, soon felt the roadbed vibrating and presently saw a headlight coming at them in the gloom. The train was Number 4, The Duluth Limited, on its way from the Iron Port to St. Paul. . . . It wasn't going to get to St. Paul.

Jim Root, a man of small stature and vast staying powers, was in Number 4's cab. When he saw the refugees coming up the track he stopped the train. White-faced kids, well beyond whimpering, were helped aboard by women who were batting their hair to put out the creeping fire and by men who already had lost their eyebrows and much of their beards.

Engineer Root knew from the black cloud that he could run no farther south. He knew that the nearest water — if he could make it — was a swamp hole called Skunk Lake, six miles north, or back. He climbed into his cab, reversed the Johnson bar, and opened the throttle. He looked out the window for one last glance at Hinckley, lost now in a cloud blacker than the surrounding gloom; then

he turned in his seat to sit backward. Just then a terrific explosion somewhere outside shattered the window and the flying glass made deep cuts in Root's neck and forehead. He had to keep wiping the blood out of his eyes. By the time the train got under way flames were racing ahead of it along both sides of the track. "They'll warp pretty soon," Root said. He could see that already the far end of his train was blazing.

About a mile and a half north of Hinckley Root heard shouting. Three men, and Root wondered where in the name of God they could have come from in that inferno, were running toward the locomotive. Root shut off the power and started to apply the air brakes. But he thought better of it; a stop here would be fatal. He cut her open again. Two of the running men caught onto the pilot; one to ride a few yards and fall into the flames that hemmed the train.

Jim Root was beginning to fail, and had it not been for his fireman, Jack McGowan, things would have been worse. The heat was something men don't often live through. Root fainted with his hand on the throttle. When he came to, he saw the train was moving very slowly. Root thought he must have instinctively started to close the

throttle when he fainted; it was half shut. The day was darker than any night Root had ever seen, but a different kind of dark, streaked with fire that gave no light to see by. The passing scene on each side was mostly gloom, with now and then a few stumps burning luridly with a peculiar blue flame.

The curtains of the cab started blazing. McGowan doused them. Small flames ran along the woodwork. The solder on the lamp trickled down. The very coal in the tender was burning when Number 4 groaned slowly across Skunk Lake trestle. Root shut off the power. This was it. This was the "lake," such as it was; they could see the muddy water, its green scum showing red in the glare.

Grabbing a pail, McGowan got down. He threw water on the flaming steps and platforms so passengers could get out and down. The entire train broke into roaring flames almost the moment it stopped; and the refugees piled off and sought a place where they might live. Men attacked the barbed wire fence along the right-of-way and kicked off the staples. Men, women and children tumbled into the water mud of the lake, some twenty inches deep, where they sat with slime to their armpits and covered their heads with wet

clothes when the reaching sheets of fire came out over the pond.

Mrs. Frank Spriggs, her six-months-old baby in her arms, and four other people, ran for a potato patch next to the lake. As she stumbled over the hot ground she saw a tall man running. He was carrying a woman and her long hair streamed out behind in a mass of flames. Then Mrs. Spriggs dug for her life and her baby's in the hot dry soil. They survived and so did three hundred more who had come to the lake on the flaming train of cars. Even Jim Root lived, but he spent a long time in hospital along with many others.

### III

While Hinckley was being destroyed, other communities in the region were on fire, too. Mission Creek was laid flat. At Pokegama, twenty-three died in the first blast of flame from the woods. Forty-five were burned to death at Sandstone. Only one died at Partridge. Back on isolated farms and in logging camps, the toll was more than one hundred.

As soon as he had arrived at Superior on the first refugee train, Dr. Ernest Stephan, Hinckley's young M.D., put a couple of bottles of carron oil in his pockets,

plus a bottle of brandy, and got aboard the first relief train, which left for the burned area before midnight. The doc had to finish his journey on handcar and afoot, for the rails were like snakes and the bridges gone. It was daylight, or what passed for daylight, when he got to what had been Hinckley and started to work on the injured. The gravel pit was doc's operating room, and here he slaved for hours, first at treating the burned, then identifying the dead.

All over Hinckley's black acres the dead were being found and laid in long windrows along the railroad tracks. Horses and wagons had come from nearby Pine City and the search went on. That small swale area just north of the village gave up one hundred and twenty-seven dreadful objects. A few more bodies were found floating in the pitifully shallow Grindstone river. Tommy Dunn, the heroic telegraph operator, never got a block from his post. By afternoon a load of lumber came and men started to whacking up coffins. The bodies were placed in the boxes — "furnished with dignity," as the undertaker in charge quaintly put it. The boxes were piled high in wagons and hayricks and the somber procession moved through the smoking stumps and ashes to a

field a mile east of town and here the victims were buried in trenches while priests and ministers performed simple rites. The burials numbered two hundred and forty-eight. The official death list, which wasn't signed until November 24, gave the total dead as 418.

But it was not until four years later that the last body was found, near Sandstone when, according to a newspaper report on May 28, 1898:

The remains of another victim of the Hinckley fire were discovered last evening a mile west of town. The bones were well preserved. The victim had been seeking shelter in the lee of a hill, and the remains were identified as those of John Nelson, by means of a watch and chain, and a rifle.

Today, an inclosure shaded by elms and cedars marks the graves of the Hinckley dead and a monument there is dedicated "To the Pioneers of Civilization in the Forests of Minnesota." Which they assuredly were. What the marker leaves unsaid is that pioneers in the woods of America lived always in as great a danger of death as did the pioneers of the Indian country of the plains, and probably much greater danger. It cannot be proved, but there is good reason to believe, that forest fires have taken a greater toll of pioneer lives than all of the redskins put together.

## IV

What started this fire that became such a tremendous sea of flame and rolled for twenty miles and took so many lives? As is the case with most all really great forest conflagrations, its cause and its exact place of origin will never be known. But it is not difficult to learn why the fire reached such proportions. Only the proper ground and weather conditions were needed and these were present in such degree that only the spark was required to produce the holocaust that followed.

Logging and farm clearing had been going on in the region for twenty-five years at a rapid pace. On the cutover lands were accumulations of slash, as logging débris is called. Growing up around this slash were young spruce, pine, poplar and birch, prime stuff to dry into tinder. As for weather, there had been a deficiency of almost twelve inches of rainfall between May and September. . . . Such were the ground and weather conditions as August drew to a close.

As for the necessary sparks, they had long been active, waiting for conditions to ripen. Six weeks before the big fire, section men along the Eastern Minnesota Railroad

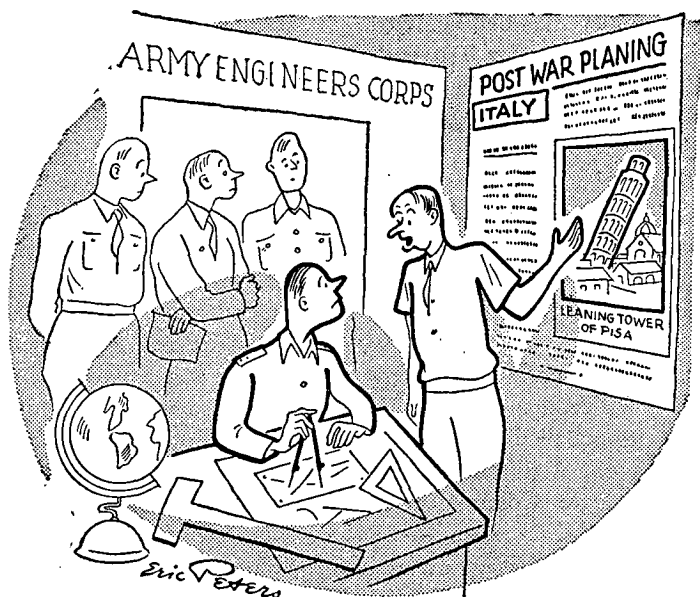
were fighting brush and slash fires. Hundreds of tons of hay and grain had been burned along the St. Paul & Duluth line. In spite of these warnings nobody paid heed. Smoke in the air was part of the scenery in pioneer days — smoke from the clearings fires on hundreds of small farms. This was considered a sign of progress, opening up the country. So the many clearings fires burned throughout the hot dry summer of '94 in Minnesota, slowly and quietly until all things were ready. Then came September 1. . . .

Hinckley was neither the first nor the last of our great forest fires. It was simply the one that started people wondering aloud — sometimes in state legislatures, sometimes in Congress — if something couldn't be done about the matter. But even tragic Hinckley wasn't quite enough to get action. Not until 1910, when fires burned all the way from Minnesota to northern Idaho and most of the way in between, taking another hundred and more lives, did the United States start seriously to tackle the problem. This was pretty late. By 1910 most of the second-growth timber that had come up in the wake of logging operations between Bangor, Maine, and Minnesota — and this means most of the northern portions of New Hampshire, Ver-

mont, New York, Michigan and Wisconsin — had been destroyed by thousands of forest fires that never got into the papers but which had burned, with little respite, since the time John Alden, Junior, married Priscilla and took his bride to live near the Alden sawmill on the Saco river in the Province of Maine.

Hinckley started reflective people to thinking and acting so that now in 1943 millions of dollars are being spent in twelve months for

the prevention and suppression of forest fires, to which a sizable army of wardens and rangers give all of their professional attention. This is very good, but it isn't anywhere nearly good enough. Perhaps it will take another Hinckley to get adequate protection from forest fires in the United States. One could name more than a score of towns that will be potential Hinckleys during this September, the most dangerous month of the year.



*"But, sir, they might not want it fixed."*



**Q** *A Senate Committee that  
is doing a superb job.*

## SENATOR TRUMAN SAVES A BILLION

BY STANLEY HIGH

**I**N Washington, recently, a member of the President's Cabinet picked up his phone. Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri was on the line.

"I understand," said the Senator, "that you're planning to allow ABC a million and a half for his interest in the XYZ which is being taken over by the Government."

The Cabinet member hemmed and hawed. But under Truman's friendly persistence, he finally admitted that such a sum had been considered.

"Well, if that's the case," said Truman, "I think we might have to investigate. The figure's much too high."

What ABC eventually got was \$175,000.

For, modest and self-effacing though he is, Truman speaks with an authority equalled by few men in Washington. A hint from him that the Senate Committee to

Investigate the War Program, of which he is chairman, may launch a probe is frequently enough to get quick and salutary results.

During the last two years, munitions makers, bureaucrats, dollar-a-year men, top administration officials have been called to explain, under the questionings of the members of this Committee, what they are doing with Uncle Sam's money and why. Uncle Sam — thanks to their inquiries — has been saved at least a billion dollars.

What was stirring in Senator Truman when he proposed such a committee was righteous indignation at certain war-production inequities brought to his attention in numerous letters from his Missouri constituents. But when the Committee had followed through to the end some of the hints contained in those letters, the taxpayers of the country in the one field of army camp construction

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**STANLEY HIGH** *has been a minister, foreign correspondent and editor, and is the author of a half dozen books on history, politics, sociology and religion. For a while he was a member of the New Deal "Brain Trust." Since 1940 he has been roving editor for the Reader's Digest.*

alone had been saved a quarter of a billion dollars, according to Lieut. General Brehon Somervell, head of Services of Supply.

Disclosures by enterprising, fair-playing, average Americans are still the Committee's most carefully considered and fruitful leads.

A draftsman in one of the government's new ordnance plants wrote that most of the 200 men in the drafting department did nothing more useful much of the time than to play checkers or cards, shoot craps, read the papers and listen to the radio. It took just a week, when the Committee laid the facts before the War Department, to clean up the situation.

A carpenter, working on defense housing in New Jersey, found that the waste and shoddiness there were too much for his American ideas of honesty and good work. His official complaint, however, got nowhere. He wrote to the Truman Committee. Its investigator uncovered a *bonafide* housing scandal which led to the indictment of the contractor and brought widespread reforms in the Federal housing procedure. Further investigation of the contractor involved in this scandal revealed that he had spent millions of dollars of Maritime Commission funds on his "promise-to-deliver" concrete

barges. That resulted in a further wholesale investigation by the Committee and the Department of Justice of all contractors building concrete barges.

An employé of a large steel company witnessed, as long as he could, the faked inspection of inferior steel shipped to the U. S. Navy and Maritime Commission. His protest to his superiors was fruitless. His letter to the Truman Committee brought about a wide-open inquiry, the establishment, by the government, of double-check inspection and the indictment of the company and certain of the officials.

The Committee discovered that repair rates in West Coast ship repair yards were still based on a peacetime hourly basis. Therefore, under a twenty-four-hour a day wartime schedule, profits were enormous. Looking into the files an investigator found a letter from one admiral to another admiral which said: "This matter of divergence of rates for ship repair will be extremely difficult to explain to the Truman Committee." It was. In fact, it was so difficult that finally a uniform rate schedule was worked out with savings to the government in this single area of millions of dollars.

Late last February an Illinois

housewife wrote the Committee: "There seems to be plenty of sugar. If the government wants us to plant gardens, it must make sugar available for canning. If I can't buy sugar, I'll be buying canned peaches; using my ration points to buy something I can make myself . . ."

The letter went into the "canning sugar" file. By the end of March, the file had several hundred letters in it — all to the same effect. Whereupon, Senator Truman read a brief statement on the floor of the Senate: ". . . food will be scarcer next year . . . sugar for preserving food in the home should be made available . . . the Office of Price Administration, instead of facilitating home canning, is planning to make it difficult to obtain sugar . . . I have instructed that a full investigation be made immediately."

Overnight, OPA took second thought, reversed itself and made canning sugar available to the nation's housewives in greatly increased quantity and without loss of ration allotment.

Army and Navy as well as civilian activities having to do with the war are liberally probed by the Committee. Recently a member, talking with Army officials, discovered that camps in Florida were

using canned grapefruit juice. Further investigation into Army food supplies caused 30,000,000 cases of canned fruit and vegetables in an overstocked Army reserve to be released for civilian use.

## II

In its investigation of the shipbuilding program, the Committee found that the Navy insisted on building tank-carrying invasion barges designed by its Bureau of Ships, despite the fact that in performance tests those of Andrew Jackson Higgins had been found notably superior and the Bureau's incapable of the use for which they were intended. Subsequently, not only did the Navy adopt the Higgins design but the Committee disclosures led to a reorganization of the Navy Department's Bureau of Ships.

Partly, no doubt, because in five years he had made few demands on its time, none on its patience, the Senate, on February 10, 1941, listened considerably to a heavily factual speech by Truman, and voted the investigation of national defense he asked for. Pretty sure that nothing much would come of it, they gave him a shoestring \$15,000 to get going.

With the shotgun authority of

the original resolution the Committee has for two years dug into all the messy scandals of the greatest spending enterprise in history. And it has done the job on a mere \$200,000 doled out by the Senate in dribblets. With only fifteen investigators and eighteen clerks and stenographers, the chairman and the members have had to make up by their own zeal for lack of a more adequate staff.

When, in January 1942, the Committee's first annual report was issued, it had already established itself as the public's most accessible court of appeals, the sharpest prod and one of the most powerful action-getting agencies in the government.

The Committee's most active members are relative newcomers to the Senate. Six of the ten are freshman Senators. Thus the Committee is still more of the people than of the Senate. This leaves its members singularly free from illusions of statesmanship or hat-in-hand responsiveness to pressure from high places. That is why in the midst of Washington's circuitousness, the Committee's reports have the wholesome, hearty flavor of the grass-roots.

That is also an important reason why the Committee has so notably succeeded. Distinguished only for

his honesty and industriousness, Truman came to the Senate in 1934 straight from a county judgeship and the racket-infected Kansas City régime of boss Tom Pendergast. After nine Senate years, honesty and industriousness are still his chief distinctions.

From the beginning Truman has tried to make sure that his Committee was not a one-man show. His colleagues had special skills and talents and Truman was determined to make use of those talents. They have worked together — six Democrats and four Republicans — with remarkably little friction. Almost every member of the Committee has come to the chairman at one time or another with reports of trouble — some blunder in the production program which has started a flow of letters from worried or angry citizens. All right, Truman has invariably said, you look into that; if it is necessary, form a sub-committee and do a job.

Counsel and chief administrator for the Committee is Hugh A. Fulton, a broad-shouldered, heavy-set, serious ex-assistant to the Attorney-General. Fulton got his degree from the University of Michigan, made a name for himself in New York City in the investigations which exposed the fleeing

operations of Howard Hopson, head of Associated Gas and Electric. He was recommended to Truman — who asked for someone who had an urge for the truth, could hit hard, but had no ideological grudges — by Attorney-General, now Justice, Robert Jackson. He, and his like-minded investigators, have met the specifications.

Fulton meets with Truman almost every morning, often in "Truman's Doghouse" — a small room adjoining the Senator's office. Together they go over pertinent letters, newspaper clippings, investigators' reports and, when hearings are on, the previous day's testimony. Procedure and strategy — subsequently laid before the other Committee members — are planned. If a report is on the way, the entire Committee may assemble to discuss it.

There is nothing mysterious about the Committee's high average of achievement. Nine tenths of it is hard work. That the Committee has never given a minority report Truman attributes to the fact that the investigations are so

completely factual and objective that they are bound to result in unanimous conclusions.

The Committee has power to subpoena witnesses but none to enforce action or punish wrongdoing. Its sole force is the facts, plus publicity plus public opinion.

But much of the Committee's most effective work gets no publicity. To insure quick action on Truman facts, numerous war agencies — among them, the War and Navy Departments, the Maritime Commission, the War Production Board — have representatives attached, full-time, to the Committee.

Administration conduct in the last war was the subject of no fewer than 116 Congressional investigations — all of them after the war. This time Congress has not waited. Its numerous investigations are going forward while it is still possible — in bettering and speeding the war effort — to do something about it. Nowhere is so much being done about it with such constructive consequences as in the Truman Committee.



Let them laugh at me for speaking of things which they do not understand;  
and I must pity them while they laugh at me.

— ST. AUGUSTINE

## ARE EYE GLASSES NECESSARY?

BY EDWARD ROBINSON

ACCORDING to a new therapy which has aroused wide popular interest, defective eyesight can now be cured simply by means of exercises. The new treatment dispenses with glasses as being not only useless, but actually harmful to the eyes. Instead, it employs blinking, shifting of the point of vision, palming or covering the eyes, and other exercises which are supposed to "restore" perfect vision in all cases where there is no organic disease.

The new cure has been acclaimed by people of note, among them the English novelist Aldous Huxley. Statistics are cited to show that men rejected for military service because of eye defects have subsequently been accepted after treatment by this method. Yet among orthodox eye physicians opinions are highly contradictory. Some consider the therapy wholly nonsensical, or at best of negligible value. Others, including many intelligent research physicians, take a definitely sympathetic view.

What are the facts? First, the

new therapy is not new at all, but a revival of ideas advocated about twenty-five years ago by a New York eye physician, William H. Bates. He crusaded vigorously against the use of glasses, and it was he who devised the system of exercises now employed. To justify his extreme views, Bates advanced ophthalmological theories that were universally rejected, and as a result his whole system of treatment was condemned by his colleagues. After his death in 1931, only a few non-medical followers continued it.

Bates' basic theories are today still considered wrong by orthodox doctors, but his protests against the indiscriminately widespread use of glasses are generally accepted as valid. Exercises, too, have for many years been employed as part of general ophthalmological therapy, though nearly all physicians discount Bates' extravagant claims of curing most eye defects by this method. They agree, however, that properly designed exercises have a beneficial effect, and in

certain types of cases may eventually make the use of glasses unnecessary.

An objective summary of all opinions — reached after consultations with ophthalmologists, psychiatrists and practitioners of exercise therapy — yields the following main conclusions:

1. *Eye exercises are definitely helpful as a general hygienic measure.* Since they usually aid relaxation, stimulate circulation, and correct faulty reading habits, they can be of benefit to all people.

2. *Exercises will not cure genuine refractive errors.* These comprise the more common eye troubles such as myopia (near-sightedness), hyperopia (far-sightedness) and astigmatism. Unless the error is relatively small, properly prescribed glasses will be needed for satisfactory vision.

3. *Exercises are of greatest value where there is weakness or improper control of the eye muscles.* Muscle deficiencies may produce such defects as strabismus (cross-eyes), diplopia (convergence errors resulting in double vision) and heterophoria (binocular vision defects). Used in these cases, exercises are scientifically sound. They often achieve complete cures, eliminating the need for glasses entirely.

4. *Exercises will not cure presby-*

*opia, or middle-age sight.* Presbyopia, a gradually increasing rigidity of the crystalline lens, is part of the general slowing-up process that occurs with age. Exercises may retard this process slightly, and even reduce the strength of the glasses required, but they cannot cure genuine presbyopia.

5. *Exercises will not cure cataract or glaucoma.* They may give partial relief of symptoms, but are dangerous in that they may postpone proper medical treatment until it is too late.

6. *Exercises may help in eliminating functional eye disturbances.* These disturbances occur in people who suffer from hysteria or other neurotic disorders, but who have nothing organically wrong with their eyes. Exercise therapy, like many faith cures, often has a reassuring effect on such people, and in this way may clear up the particular eye symptoms.

## II

From these conclusions, it will be seen that the direct benefits of exercise therapy are definitely restricted in scope. What is the explanation, then, for so many apparently authentic "cures" which fall outside these limits?

The answer lies in the structure

and function of the human eye. In order to change focus when turning from distant to near objects, the eye has a natural adjustment capacity known as its powers of accommodation. This adjustment occurs in the variable curvature of the crystalline lens, and is controlled by the ciliary muscles at either end. The focusing capacity is measured in *diopters*, and the available amount varies among different individuals. Children have relatively enormous powers of accommodation, running as high as 15 or more diopters. The average adult's accommodation is between 8 and 10 diopters.

A large proportion of refractory errors run to only one or two diopters, or even less. The average eye can compensate for this refractive deficiency and still have a comfortable margin left over of 6 or more diopters. This is sufficient for most purposes, and usually does not require the use of glasses at all. Unfortunately, incompetent physicians and non-physicians have prescribed glasses for a very large percentage of these negligible errors. A practitioner of exercise therapy, obviously, can feel perfectly safe in ordering such a patient to discard his glasses immediately. No further treatment, in fact, is necessary.

The same factors operate even

when the error of refraction is somewhat higher. A person with a hyperopia of 5 diopters, for example, may still have an accommodation margin of 3 or more diopters. Moreover, since exercise therapy usually includes measures to build up general health, the natural powers of accommodation may be further increased by one or two diopters. In a person of unusual health, this margin may be sufficient to compensate for the refractive error without the use of glasses.

There is always the possibility, however, that the effort of accommodation may prove too great a drain on the patient's energy reservoir. In all these cases, it should be emphasized, the original refractive error is not changed by the exercises. But the individual's health may fluctuate widely — and if the accommodation margin is pushed too close, the whole "cure" breaks down.

Finally, there is a limit above which the natural powers of accommodation cannot go. If the original refractive error is greater than the maximum accommodation, no complete compensation can be made, and accurate vision is impossible without glasses. Stories of cures for high-degree myopia, for example, should be wholly dis-



counted. In such cases, the "cured" patient has simply learned to ignore distant objects entirely.

Other "cures," seemingly miraculous, are due wholly to natural processes. Some eye disorders improve spontaneously with the passage of time, even when the original symptoms have been quite severe. This is true, for example, in certain types of myopia, which improve with age and may even turn into hyperopia. The case of Aldous Huxley may be another instance of such a process. According to his published statements, Huxley's near-blindness was due to *keratitis punctata*, coupled with refractive errors. But ophthalmologists explain that the opacities produced by this disease may clear up spontaneously, bringing about a change in refraction which may suddenly make glasses unnecessary. Huxley's use of exercise therapy apparently coincided with this spontaneous change.

Some visual disturbances, as has been said, are due more to psychological factors than to real eye difficulties. Apart from obvious neurotic cases, people vary greatly in their reactions to their illnesses. One person suffering from an attack of bronchitis will go to bed and remain an invalid for a month. Another will pay little attention to

it and continue with his normal routine until the attack passes off. Similarly, one person with a refractive error of 4 diopters may be able to see perfectly well without glasses. Another with the same refractive error will complain of headaches, dizzy spells and badly impaired vision. Exercise therapy is often peculiarly well fitted to handle cases where the mental reaction is chiefly at fault. Since it tells the patient there is nothing wrong with his eyes which cannot be easily remedied, it has a reassuring effect and may bring about a "cure" where the conventional and unimaginative physician would fail completely.

Strictly speaking, the eye itself does not see. Images are thrown on the retina, but these must pass through the optic nerve and be recognized by the brain. Vision, in other words, is not simply a physiological process. Since it involves recognition, it is a partially *learned* process, and therefore subject to dislocation by mental and emotional factors. Conversely, such errors may often be corrected by a conscious process of re-learning.

The control exerted by the mind over the eyes may be strikingly demonstrated. Surgeons have often observed that when a general anesthetic is given to a child with pro-

nounced internal crossing of the eyes, the eyes may immediately straighten out to normal. As soon as consciousness returns, however, the eyes will again become crossed. In other words, the brain or nervous system alone may produce abnormal convergence of the eyes. The use of surgery or of glasses, in such cases, obviously ignores the root of the trouble.

This viewpoint is not new, of course, but historically in line with recent developments in medical theory. Every intelligent physician is aware of the mental factors in disease, and the exercise therapists have no claim to originality in this respect. But too many men concerned with the treatment of eye disorders have failed to incorporate this knowledge into their work, either wilfully or because of outright ignorance. Exercise therapy is a natural reaction against this

failure. It is a justifiable reaction, and in so far as it forces conventional ophthalmology to broaden its views, it is playing a salutary rôle.

Exercises, then, are valuable for general hygiene, and may be useful in relieving simple eye fatigue and functional eye disturbances, and occasionally in making the use of glasses unnecessary. But in all cases a reliable eye physician should be consulted first. He will at least be able to determine whether a serious illness exists either in the eye itself or elsewhere. Use of exercises, if desired, can then be undertaken with safety.

The ideal procedure would be to consult a physician who has also been trained in orthoptics, or exercise therapy. Many physicians and hospitals, in fact, now conduct special orthoptic clinics.



## *Laws Against Writers?*

THERE should be some correction appointed by the lawes, against foolish and unprofitable writers, as there is against vagabonds and loiterers. . . . Scribling seemeth to be a Symptome or passion of an irregular or licentious age. When writ we ever so much as we have done since our intestine troubles? or when filled the Romans so many volumes, as in the times of their ruine?

— MONTAIGNE (1533-1592)

# DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

## *In the Dark*

AMONG the many changes wrought in human life by the growth of civilization and our alienation from the old life-ways of our fellow-animals, there is the fact that nowadays we rarely experience the night. We have dispelled the night.

In town and city, after sundown, we no longer go out into a darkness, but into an artificial noon (or now, in dim-out days, into an artificial gloaming). Even a countryman has not much to do with night. He is no longer a hunter, a woods-wan-



*Flying Squirrel*

*Frank Utpatel*

derer, or a midnight celebrant of sylvan religious devotions; and so when his cattle are bedded down and his fowl tended, he mostly shuts himself up in his farmhouse with the lamps a-light and never knows anything at all of those black hours outdoors which make up a half of every day.

To go out into the woods at night is an exciting thing and a revealing one. The revealing is of two kinds. There is revealing, first, of how enormously the look of the world is changed, and how the animals and birds and insects and the whole spirit of outdoors are changed. Second, there is the revelation of how oneself is changed. When a man goes alone into a midnight forest, hushing his footsteps so that his coming may not be heard, opening his eyes in the great darkness until their pupils are like an owl's, breathing into him the woods-smells that drift on the quiet humid air . . . he finds that the part of him which is his civilized self falls away from him like the shed pupa-case from a moth, and that he is metamorphosed, in a few quick moments which erase millenniums, into a natural animal who is once more in intimate brotherhood with foxes, in subconscious understanding with raccoons, and in a deep primal harmony with the

whole dark forest-solitude in which he is enwrapped and spellbound.

The perfect night for an excursion into the woods is a night when little wind stirs, and when there are at least a few clouds to drift across the face of the moon. Wild creatures do not like the wind. It makes a tumult of sounds, so that listening ears cannot hear the furtive stir of prey in the darkness, and the snap of wind-broken twigs is forever counterfeiting the signal of some other animal-presence. Wind dispels scents and confuses hunting. When the moonlight shines with unobscured brilliance, it is hard for the preyer to stalk unseen and hard for the preyed-on to go wayfaring undetected. A night of passing cloudiness, with the wind stilled, is the night when the life of the forest is most active and when the black wilderness may be most rewardingly experienced.

The first feeling that comes to a man, when he has crossed the threshold of the night woods, is that he cannot possibly proceed. The darkness is too intense. It is blacker than blackness; it has a feel of being tangible and smothering. But wait. Let the man stand quietly for a time, not straining to see, just looking casually around him with fully opened eyes. Slowly, slowly, the uniformity of darkness is broken

into shapes. This great upthrusting shape is a hemlock stub. That bluer darkness is a glimpse of the sky, seen through the leaves. A glint of star-twinkle can be discerned in it. And now, out of the gloom, there materializes the faint moonlight-checked pattern of the ground under foot; there materialize a fallen log, a stone in the path, the dimly glimmering whiteness of a giant mushroom. The wayfarer is seeing, now, with an approximation of the vision of the animals. Centuries of the lamps of civilization have left his night-sight inexpert because unexercised. Now it is coming back to him. He belongs again to the company of the wild things. It is time to go farther into the forest.

The man goes softly. More and more he is acting instinctively, intuitively, as animals act; and it is animal instinct to go on silent feet through the darkness. Presently he has truly penetrated into the deep forest; and now with every step there comes further discovery: discovery concerning the woods, discovery concerning the self. We do not know, in the daylight, how hugely and intensely we are watched. But it is made known now in the night. For an instant let the traveler switch on his light, and throw its pencil of beam into the darkness

around him. Here, there, everywhere, the light picks up the reflected light of gleaming pairs of eyes — watching, watching. This topaz glitter among the birch leaves is the beady gaze of a spider. That blaze of green witchfire in the underbrush, vanishing instantly to the accompaniment of a crackle of twigs and a little swish of snapped branches, lets the traveler know that close beside him, all unknown, there has been a watching fox. Red as fire are the half-dozen twin points of light that respond now to the torch's flicker as it sweeps this thick growth of maple saplings and tangled bull-briers. They are the eyes of rabbits. There has not been a sound, the traveler thinks, but the rabbits have been close by the trail here all the while, alert, watching, listening.

## II

It is a surprise to find the animals so many; and it is a surprise to find them so peaceable and unafraid. Their peace stems somewhat, it may be, from the fact that night is their natural season. They feel instinctively that in the dark hours they are sheltered. Or it may be because scents are so much more vivid in the humid darkness that they who depend so importantly on

scent feel a greater confidence. Or it may even be because the man now moving through the midnight woods is going with peace and a great quiet in his heart, and a kind of naturalness and instinctiveness about him, and is perhaps giving off an animally-perceived emanation to tell of it.

This notion does not seem far-fetched to the man who has been an hour or two alone in the wild darkness. He has come to act and feel animal-wise, which is to say that his "thinking" mind has largely given place to older pre-logical kinds of knowings; and he is astonished to find how many subtle sensings and intuitions — many of which, perhaps, he has never before experienced — are still possessed even by him whose forefathers parted from the woods-ways very long ago. There exists, for instance, he may find, an unanalyzable sensation to tell him when a large animal is near. It is not sight, not scent, not hearing; it is a knowing without a name. But after a while he can usually tell when a deer is near, long before he sees the dim shape in the darkness or hears the little snorting cough or the breaking of branches. All kinds of obscure and ancient senses awake; so that it is as though he were "thinking" more with his sight and

scent and subtly perceptive skin — indeed with the whole of his body, as a totally functioning organism — than with the one little cortical part of his brain that he uses so obsessively in his everyday life of civilization.

He may come to know — by scent?, by a subtle atmospheric change? — when a brook lies just ahead of him, and to slow down cautiously long before he can see or hear the water. He may wonder whether, with practice and experience, he might not similarly "sense" a tree or a rock or a mountain . . . and many a lifelong woodsman would assure him that such a sensing is indeed possible. Solitary, in the dark woods, the venturer feels his five senses sharpen to a pitch unknown in his civilized experience; and he feels the conviction that these senses are by no means all.

While he rests, perhaps, on a moss-grown cedar-stump, not only are his nostrils vividly aware, as never before, of the aromatic scent of sassafras and the musky scent of fox and the cool damp scent of fungus. Not only are touch and taste and sight and hearing raised to new power. His whole body tingles with awareness. Obscure premonitions stir in him; he experiences subconscious thoughts, glid-

ing below the mind, which may be telepathies; now and again he feels in the back of his neck a prickling and skin-creeping which is the ancient thing called the rising of the hackles. He comes profoundly to realize that the "deep-knowing" of the animals — the wild wisdom that operates at a deeper level than the analytical intellect — is a very strange and very subtle and immensely capable thing.

Part of the enchantment of night in the woods is the sounds. The newly keen ear of the listener learns to hear a hundred little varieties of noise which bespeak how teeming is the life of the night. He may not identify all the noises at first, but it is good, even so, to hear them. They are a part of the brooding primitive harmony, complementary to the smell of the balsam, the little chuffings of the deer, the relaxed opening-up of human senses and awarenesses that have for too long been unperceiving. That distant thwacking: that is a beaver, on the pond across the ridge, striking his flat tail against the water to give a warning. That sharp squalling bark, there among the tamarack: that is a fox and he still goes hungry tonight. Here there is the thumping that the rab-

bits make; yonder is the confused primordial croaking of the frogs, down in the marshy hollow; above and around and everywhere, there sounds the hum of the insects. And perhaps there sounds something else. The woods-wayfarer may not hear it the first night. But if he goes often enough to the dark woods, alone, relaxed, receptive, he will hear it. It is a kind of faint, far, ringing music, directionless, perpetual, and not to be described. It is a kind of singing of the silence. The Indians hear it. All primitive people hear it. Surely the animals hear it. It has no name.

Before a wanderer in the night woods gets home again, he is likely to see a flying squirrel. It may sum up for him, as a symbol, the whole spirit of his experience. On the outstretched furry membranes of its "wings," the secret and silent little beast — never seen by day, never seen at all by most of humanity — comes gliding down the dark air from a tree-top and lands at the base of another tree. He might be an animate shadow. Let the light be shined now into his eyes. They gleam back brighter than any fire; and in them is all the mystery of wildness and all the mystery of the night.



## THE LIBRARY

### *William Saroyan: A Minority Report*

BY PHILIP RAHV

WHEN William Saroyan first began boosting his own "genius," it was taken for granted that this was but a passing phase in the career of a talented and spirited young writer. But Saroyan, persisting in his campaign, was knowingly or not acting on the principle that people are bound to believe you if you speak your piece loudly enough, and with sufficient frequency and self-confidence. Thus one noticed that a good many reviewers were beginning to support Saroyan's account of his own merits. And with the publication earlier this year of *The Human Comedy*,<sup>1</sup> his first novel, it became altogether plain that most of them had finally been induced to abandon their previous reservations. Only a few hardy souls held out against the tide of enthusiasm that swept the book-pages. Clifton Fadiman, long out of patience with the Saroyan-cult, dismissed the latest opus by dubbing its author "the kiddies'

Tolstoy." And though Fadiman is an influential critic, in this instance he was simply ignored by his colleagues.

It is some months after seeing the reviews that I read the novel. It seemed to me a puerile performance. Puerile not merely because it is a bad novel, but because of the glaring contradiction between its actual content and truly grandiose pretensions. For my part, I prefer a straight job of commercial writing to this compendium of pious sayings and pretty pictures of life as it is precisely *not* lived in a small California town or anywhere else. In most cases the commercial writer makes no bones about what he is up to. Saroyan, on the other hand, has been so oversold to the public that he can now pass himself off as a seer, a moralist, and a philosopher in a work which is in fact part and parcel of the escape-literature of our time.

There would be no point, of course, in taking Saroyan quite so

<sup>1</sup>\$2.75. Harcourt, Brace.



seriously if it were not for the significance of his career as a symptom of the age we live in — as an object lesson in the atrophy of taste and decay of values to which the national literature has been exposed since the early 1930's. The fine level achieved by American writing in the past has virtually been forgotten. A new gentility now prevails, and those affected by it see nothing amiss in our creative life. The kind of sweetness and light shed by Saroyan, we are told, is exactly what we need to bolster our morale. But the truth is that fifteen or even ten years ago a novel like *The Human Comedy* would have made its author the laughingstock of the literary profession. Moreover, if Saroyan is at all the cagey fellow that I judge him to be, he is hardly the man to have produced such a novel except when it happens to suit current requirements.

*The Human Comedy* is composed according to the formula of "Ah, the wonder, the beauty, the poetry of it all!" made famous in Saroyan's plays. But the plays include scenes of pure vaudeville — some of it first-rate — which partly saves them from the unctuousness, the uplift, and sheer gush of this new work of fiction. Actually this work is a scenario in novel-form

that technically as well as morally meets the specifications of the movie-trade. Which is not to say, however, that it is an ordinary Hollywood product. In a sense it is all the worse for being so much more ambitious. It is Hollywood in a playful mood yet gooey with love and spiritual yearnings — in other words, Hollywood camouflaged in the typical Saroyan manner. And this camouflage consists of a show of innocence and naïveté which is at bottom nothing more than the very latest form of commercial sophistication. People have been so frightened by the horrid events of recent years that they would like to be absolved of all responsibility, to see themselves as intrinsically innocent and naïve. The formula devised by Saroyan at once exploits and expresses this abject state of mind.

In a novel, as in any work of art, the form and content are so much of a piece that the quality of the one may be judged from the quality of the other. Now if *The Human Comedy* is examined from the formal angle, its pretensions can be seen through at a glance. This novel has the structure of a kindergarten primer; and its use of language is equally elementary. It is a use of language derived from the simplified prose-narrative of au-

thors like Gertrude Stein, Anderson, and Hemingway. But Saroyan has further softened up this verbal technique; it goes slack in his hands because his purpose as a writer of fiction is so childishly simple as to eliminate any real need for a renewed effort in the handling of words.

But what about the characters of this novel? I would say that, properly speaking, there are none. The Macauley family, the telegraph operator Grogan, the office manager Spangler, the history teacher Miss Hicks — all of them, with the sole exception of the old-style villain, Byfield, are just so many versions of Saroyan in his corniest public rôle: that of the supremely devoted lover of mankind. All are impersonations of Saroyan incessantly repeating that people are wonderful, life is wonderful, death is wonderful, war is wonderful and peace is wonderful — Saroyan saying “yes to all things” — Saroyan declaiming that evil is unreal and that only “the good endures forever.”

Now it must take the fanciest kind of smugness to assert the unreality of evil in the midst of the most murderous war in history. But why deal at length with Saroyan's ideas? In so far as they are associated with Christian ideas,

they belong to that innocuous and hence debased type of Christianity from which the tragic concept of evil had been removed. The rest is a mishmash of Whitmanesque pantheism, romantic rapture, and literary bohemianism thickly flavored with the famous Saroyan cuteness. No wonder the characters of *The Human Comedy* resolve their difficulties and tensions through sentimental dodges and are given to making long didactic speeches. The messenger boy, Homer Macauley, is an insufferably loquacious little saint, and if the child, Ulysses, comes off somewhat better it is mainly because he is too young to philosophize. This novel, ostensibly a picture of American boyhood, has more in common with Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* than with Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*.

Saroyan's apologists will doubtless argue that I criticise him unfairly because his proper sphere is fantasy rather than realism. But literature is primarily concerned with the truth of human experience, and the writer of fantasies is no more exempt from searching out the truth than the writer of realistic fiction. Fantasy, like realism, is one technique among many. To the genuine artist it is but a means to an end — and the end is always the same.

## II

To explain Saroyan's development one must go back to his first book, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. It is still his best book, I think, dealing as it does not with the warmed-up abstractions of goodness and loving-kindness but with the very real theme of a starving young writer waiting for recognition and for "national recovery." The stories communicate feelings of loss and loneliness, and of defiance mixed with self-pity. Throughout the author strikes the note of bohemian dissidence — of the artist-hero who scorns social conventions and who likes nothing better than to exhibit his humor, his sensitive nature, and his integrity. But this "daring young man" is a familiar figure in modern fiction; you will find detailed accounts of him in all the languages of the Western world. One thought at the time that Saroyan was making too much of a fuss about him. Yet in retrospect one can see that it was an authentic portrait, set against an indigenous background, and fully conveying the subject's peculiar temperament, composed in equal measure of lyrical conceit and plain exasperation.

But the important thing about the "daring young man" as a type

is what happens to him after he has broken through his isolation and come out into the world at large. What happened to Saroyan is that he became an enthusiast or, better still, an addict of his own success. The consequences are to be observed in the work he has published since *The Daring Young Man*. The writing in his first book is immensely superior to the writing in such later volumes as *Inhale and Exhale*; *Love, Here Is My Hat*; *Peace, It's Wonderful*, and *Aram*. The sharp speaking, the astringent taste of the early pieces is gone; what remains is the rhetoric and the cuteness. It is true that *Aram* contains some fine chapters; but in the greater part of it Saroyan is exploiting his Armenian background for its picturesqueness and so-called exotic humor. In reading the later stories one generally feels that their author is not really composing them but ad-libbing from start to finish, that he is trading more and more on his reputation as a "character." The recreation of experience is replaced by mere talk about it — anecdotal and self-indulgent talk.

Saroyan seems incapable of grasping the crucial difference between the mere statement of a theme and its actual representation. This is why his prose is so markedly de-

ficient in nearly all the primary elements of craft. And there is no craft without control. Above all, craft means the analysis and calculation of effects, the creative power of locating and mastering the endless difficulties of the medium. The old-time notion of art as pure inspiration and self-expression has long ago been discarded by the best modern thinking on the subject. In arguing the merits of his work, Saroyan has tried to revive this notion. He assumes that the charm of his spontaneity makes up for his lack of discipline. But spontaneity loses its charm when it becomes *chronic*, when there is literally no escape from it. Within a literary framework it sooner or later turns into a stratagem, a means of concealing the writer's inner passivity and tendency to easy accommodations.

### III

In his plays Saroyan recovers his losses to some extent. This is particularly true of the shorter pieces. In some of the skits—*Hello Out There*, *Since Alexandre Dumas*, *The Great American Goof*—the lyrical strain in Saroyan and his talent for spoofing combine to form a kind of stylized vaudeville which has deep roots in urban folk-life and in the

popular traditions of the theatre. The best of his shorter pieces, though, is the one-act play *My Heart's in the Highlands*, where he succeeds in creating a scene and characters that truly objectify his formula of innocence.

But in his plays, as in his stories, Saroyan imitates himself *ad infinitum*. Having hit it off once in *My Heart's in the Highlands*, he has used the same dramatic scheme ever since. In the longer play this scheme invariably gets out of hand, spoiling the excellent fun of the vaudeville passages. The vaudeville is very good in *The Time of Your Life*, for example, especially in the Kit Carson episodes; but the stuff about the angelic street-walker and the millennial person called Joe is pure corn. And as usual Saroyan goes too far in advancing his claims. Not content to let us enjoy his pastoral sentiments for what they are, he must needs try to persuade us that they contain deep ideas—a complete system of values, in fact.

Some of our drama critics have a good deal to answer for in building up Saroyan's reputation as a playwright "with ideas." Actually these ideas come to nothing more than the literary bohemianism or nihilism of *The Daring Young Man* minus its note of dissidence and

exasperation. It is the initial Saroyan "ideology" rendered harmless and revamped in other ways to suit a more prosperous and respectable audience. The plot now deals not with a starving young man trying to push open the door to life but with lovable though somewhat erratic people who miraculously solve all problems simply by loafing and inviting their souls. This is the fairy-tale aspect of the Saroyan plays, and basically this is what accounts for their popular appeal.

Saroyan is so concerned with his own ego that now and then he cannot resist divulging the secret of his success. Each of his books contains at least one such revelation, suggesting that behind the formula of innocence there lurks an uncanny old-world cynicism, a cynicism so natural and so utterly taken for granted that it can well afford to manifest itself in a manner at once genial and sardonic.

Take, for instance, the last chapter in *Aram*, where the hero, leaving his large and ever so picturesque Armenian family, goes off to New York to make his fortune. On the way he stops over at Salt Lake City, and as he stands on a street-corner smoking a five-cent cigar and trying to get over his "young irreligious poise," he is accosted by a tall and melancholy-

looking man who hands him a pamphlet entitled *A Word to Scoffers*. "Son, are you saved?" the tall man asks Aram. "I'm leaving town in fifteen minutes," Aram replies. Whereupon the man assures him that he once saved someone in four minutes. All he's got to do is to change his attitude.

That ought to be easy, I said.

Easiest thing in the world, he said.

I'm game, I said, I've got nothing to lose. How do I change my attitude?

Well, said the religious man, you stop trying to figure things out and you believe.

Believe, I said, believe *what*?

Why, everything, he said. Everything you can think of, left, right, north, east, south, west, upstairs, downstairs and all around, inside out, visible and invisible, good and bad and neither and both. That's the little secret. . . .

Is that all I have to do? I said.

That's all, son, said the missionary.

O.K., I said, I believe.

Son, said the religious man, you're saved. You can go to New York now or anywhere else, and everything will be smooth and easy.

The closing paragraph of this chapter is equally interesting. Aram is now riding out from Salt Lake City and thinking over the lesson learned from the odd-looking missionary:

I thought I was kidding the old padre . . . getting back my vast book-knowledge and anti-religious poise, but I was sadly mistaken, because unwittingly I had been saved. In less than

ten minutes after the bus left Salt Lake City I was believing everything, left and right, as the missionary had said, and it's been that way with me ever since.

I, for one, am disposed to take Aram's word for it. All spoofing aside, what else has his author been preaching all these years if not the doctrine of the old padre of Salt Lake City?



(Continued from page 260)

**ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION**, by John C. Miller. \$3.50. *Little, Brown*. Dr. Miller, who is assistant professor of history at Bryn Mawr, and whose biography of Sam Adams will long be remembered, here makes a genuine contribution to the understanding of the American Revolution. He views it against the background of world history and argues persuasively that it was more than a local British affair but a decisive struggle in a global democratic movement, and that both sides, especially the Tories, knew it. In that sense the American Revolution was an early round in a revolution that had just begun, and Dr. Miller adds, "It has not yet ended." He has unearthed masses of fresh source material and he sheds considerable fresh light upon the leading characters and events of those tremendous times.

**OLD NAMELESS**, by Sidney Shalett. \$2.00. *Appleton-Century*. The title of this book refers to an unnamed American battle-ship that sank at least three Japanese warships and downed thirty-two enemy planes in the

Battle of Guadalcanal fought on November 13-15, 1942. Mr. Shalett describes its captain, Thomas Leigh Gatch, its crew, and its exploits. Unfortunately he spoils his excellent material by smearing it with tabloid goose-grease.

**COMBINED OPERATIONS**. *The Official Story of the Commandos*. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. A series of "straight" reports of some Commando operations — including the major ones at Dieppe, Madagascar, St. Nazaire and North Africa. The author, whose name does not appear on the book but who has been revealed to be Hilary St. George Saunders, is a model war correspondent. He trusts his facts so much that he makes no attempt to romanticise them with literary flourishes, and the result is a volume of the most intense excitement. It will be read for generations to come. There are many fine illustrations.

**UNDER COVER**, by John Roy Carlson. \$3.50. *Dutton*. John Roy Carlson is the pen-name of a young Armenian-American, who posed as an active friend of the American Nazis from October, 1938 to April, 1943. Here he relates his experiences in great and colorful detail, giving names and verbatim reports of conversations with nearly every prominent Axis agent and sympathizer in the country. The book, parts of which have appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, makes exciting and at times alarming reading. Mr. Carlson maintains that "fascism in America is not dead. It has been pretending sleep."

**THE SPY IN AMERICA**, by George S. Bryan. \$3.00. *Lippincott*. A very ably written and amply documented history of espionage in America, in terms of individual spies, from Revolutionary times down to the end of World War I. Major André, Nathan Hale, Major Tallmadge (George Washington's chief of spies), Allan Pinkerton, Lieutenant Rowan (who carried the "message to Garcia") and a dozen others, including women spies, are here in all their secret drama. There are many good reproductions of photographs.

# THE OPEN FORUM

## THE SEVERSKY-DISNEY AIR POWER FILM

SIR: What Walt Disney has done with Major Alexander P. de Seversky's book, *Victory Through Air Power*, might be a fantasy of the end of the world. Major Seversky says this is not fantasy. It is real. *We know how*. To do it we need no new thing, only a new strategy and a redirection of a few million man-hours.

What is it we know how to do? We know how to make bombing more and more terrible until at last there will be no refuge, not even underground, for a bomb self-accelerating by rockets in its tail can be made to pierce the earth and then explode at leisure, producing earthquake. You see it happening. You see nations not overcome by force, not conquered; you see them blown apart at the heart, literally. This is tomorrow you are looking at. But tomorrow is nearer than yesterday. The front page today is yesterday's color film. The Wrights' first flying machine could take off from the wing of a super-bomber. From the bombers we now see in news pictures to Seversky's weapon of annihilation the distance is much shorter than from Kitty Hawk to Willow Run, and the line is straight. The difficulties are technical only. *We know how*. So do other people know how.

As you look at this Disney film it is not the habit of living that will save you, nor any human faculty for making terms with horror. The saving thought is that the ultimate power belongs to us. The power to do what? To stop it? No, not the power to stop the horror. Only the power to do it faster and to do it more and to keep doing it longer than any other people. Suppose you were looking at it from the point of view of people who cannot have that thought because they do not possess that power. Then what would

save you? Take it that by this power we achieve victory. What will victory mean but the proof that the power belongs to us and that we may be able for a while to hold it against the world?

It is a creative power and at the same time helpless. The one thing it cannot do is to stop itself. The passion to create has at last been overtaken by the passion to destroy and there is no space between their works. The necessity to destroy is the compulsion to create.

The issue of this is an unimaginable event. In a frenzy of invention man has raised physical reality to the plane of fantasy. Thus reality and fantasy become interchangeable, indistinguishable one from the other. Anything man imagines, that he can do. This is power in its last definition.

What is the use of it? The use of it, as we keep telling ourselves, is to destroy our enemies lest they destroy us. But what if this should turn out to be the last fantasy of all? Certainly one not of this earth who might be regarding the spectacle from a window, unable to hear what we believe about it, would say: "This is not war. It is deluge." And deluge is God's ultimate weapon.

GARET GARRETT

*Tuckahoe,  
New Jersey.*

SIR: Thank you for letting me see Mr. Garrett's letter. It is both interesting and eloquent. I am pleased to comment on it because others (among them the columnist George E. Sokolsky) have expressed similar misgivings about the terrifying potential of destruction portrayed in the screen version of *Victory Through Air Power*.

I need hardly assure them that I share their fears. No man of normal mind can fail to see the possibilities of evil inherent in this new weapon. But I want to point out that those possibilities are not limited to aeronautics. All scientific progress puts new power into the hands of man, which he can turn to useful or to destructive purposes. Think of the fantastic force inherent in the atom which our research laboratories are now splitting! Surely we cannot stop that work because the released force may tempt mankind to suicide.

Mr. Disney and I, in the picture, have placed our emphasis on the destructive aspects of modern aviation, because we are now at war and a decisive victory with a minimum cost in life, substance and time is our immediate goal. What is more, because of prejudice against true aerial strategy in high places, the public has not had a full appreciation of what such strategy could do, and we felt it necessary to bring the possibilities into clear focus. But the same aviation holds an immense potential of *constructive* activity — trade, travel, rapid exchange of goods and cultural achievements. It also provides the most effective means for discouraging aggression and maintaining peace. By the very horror of its threat modern air power will, it is hoped, convince mankind at last of the stupidity of war.

In short, aviation is not unique among scientific achievements. Like progress in chemistry, electronics and other departments, it can be an instrument of civilization or an instrument of savagery. The advent of air power merely emphasizes the challenge to man's moral sense and man's intelligence represented by all scientific progress.

From a purely strategic angle, this needs to be said: Air power does not lend itself to purely defensive use, because its only effective method of defense is *to attack the source of danger*. Only superior air power can meet the threat of opposing air power. And it must meet that threat by striking at the factories, the air bases, the fuel and aerial supplies in the enemy's home land. The distinction between "offensive" and "defensive" weapons

has always been largely illusory anyhow, since the best defense has always been a vigorous offense. In relation to air power, no margin of doubt remains on this subject. No matter how much anti-aircraft artillery we plant on the ground and how many fighter planes we throw into the air, invading bombers will get through. They can be eliminated in full only by destroying the enemy's air power, and that means not alone his aircraft but his war machine and aviation facilities — that is, the sources of his air power.

Unquestionably the aviation of tomorrow — more destructive than anything we have yet seen or imagined — will alter the power relations between nations and continents. Every new weapon through history has thus led to a shifting of political forces. Because air power is more rapid, more destructive, and has a radius of operation that takes in the entire planet, it adds up to the greatest challenge humankind has ever faced. We dare not accept it in a spirit of fatalism. We must deliberately seek ways and means to harness its power for the general good.

But before we can do any other thing, we must win the war. Survival comes first. And air power enables us to win that war more quickly and with least sacrifice of life.

ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

Huntington, L. I.,  
New York.

SIR: Military experts often assure us that the invention of every new offensive weapon brings on the invention of a defense against it. After seeing Walt Disney's remarkable motion picture, *Victory Through Air Power*, one profoundly hopes that this is true. Not only in the field of warfare with airplanes and guns, however. It seems to me that new defenses are needed at once *in the battle for men's minds*. The very brilliance and effectiveness of this picture open up vistas of danger. This picture is an assault of astonishing force upon our thinking. It demonstrates a technique for directing mass thought.

I am not expressing any opinion as to the truth or falsity of the thesis advanced by



Major Seversky and translated to the screen by the great Hollywood animator. Even the best qualified experts seem to disagree. My own comment is confined to the educational and propaganda implications of Mr. Disney's skill. Obviously an educational method that can be used to spread wise and desirable ideas to millions can be used just as readily to spread unwise and undesirable ideas.

As a presentation, the film may be divided into three parts which somewhat overlap. There is the familiar Disney humor in a brief history of aviation. The second element is Seversky — perhaps too much of him. His early history with its undoubted heroism and prophetic virtue and his contributions to American aviation are indicated. He speaks, under expert stage direction, with quiet persuasiveness, asserting that if we do not make master airplanes that can practically circle the earth and come home again, having incidentally destroyed the earth on the way around, somebody else is going to do it first.

The third element in the picture is a series of animated strategic maps and plans that are marvels of ingenuity. The way in which the German iron ring is depicted in an abstract design against which the spearheads of attack bounce off with a metallic clang, gives the most vivid and dynamic sense of the advantage of being at the center of a ring of foes. The supply problems in a global war are no less vividly and unforgettably portrayed.

The point is that the use by Disney of nearly everything that has been learned in radio broadcasting, television and pictorial illustration — as well as in his own field of the animated picture — gives him an arsenal of weapons to conquer his audience. His animated dramatic bits and designs are as sly and adroit as steel in the hands of a superb swordsman. His pictures of submarines under water and a few other sequences give a chilly feeling of death. The final holocaust of fire and earthquake in the prophesied end of Japan fills the onlooker with terror. In fact, terror is the last emotion — not triumph.

In a free country, Seversky and Disney, whether right or wrong, should be encouraged

to express their opinions as forcibly as they know how. But to the layman the dangers of a weapon of assault on the human mind implicit in the picture are of essential importance. He must ask: what of a presentation of other opinions on the same subject with something like equal persuasiveness? In other words, if these are the future weapons of persuasion — and they are weapons of such unprecedented force — we must begin as educators and propagandists, as publicists, as free men, to find out how to defend ourselves.

Anyone who tries to compete in this field of persuasion must be able to reduce difficult ideas to simple dramatic elements and then put them into simple dramatic action as animated designs, animated arguments, so to speak, from which at the moment there is no possible escape. Mere reflection afterwards on any lack of knowledge is not enough. This weapon of assault on the mind — now shown to be terrific in its impact — can be used for all kinds of purposes and doubtless will be. If Major Seversky and Walt Disney are right, the present use of it for the air power crusade may be a great public benefaction. But certainly the idea of picking it up and devoting it to less beneficent purposes will occur to every propagandist.

This is something for educators to think about. *Victory Through Air Power* is likely to be greeted as a great step forward in the use of visual education. It constitutes a vital demonstration. But we should be no less alive to the negative implications, the dangers.

LYMAN BRYSON

New York City.

## CORRECTION

SIR: In Mr. Holbrook's article on "Brook Farm, Wild West Style," he describes James F. Morton, Jr., of the Home colony as "still living." But he died a number of years ago. I knew him well. You neglected to say that he was a grandson of Samuel F. Smith, who wrote *My Country 'Tis of Thee*.

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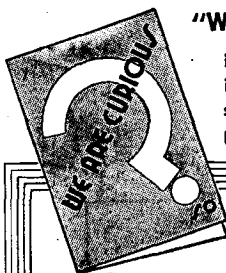
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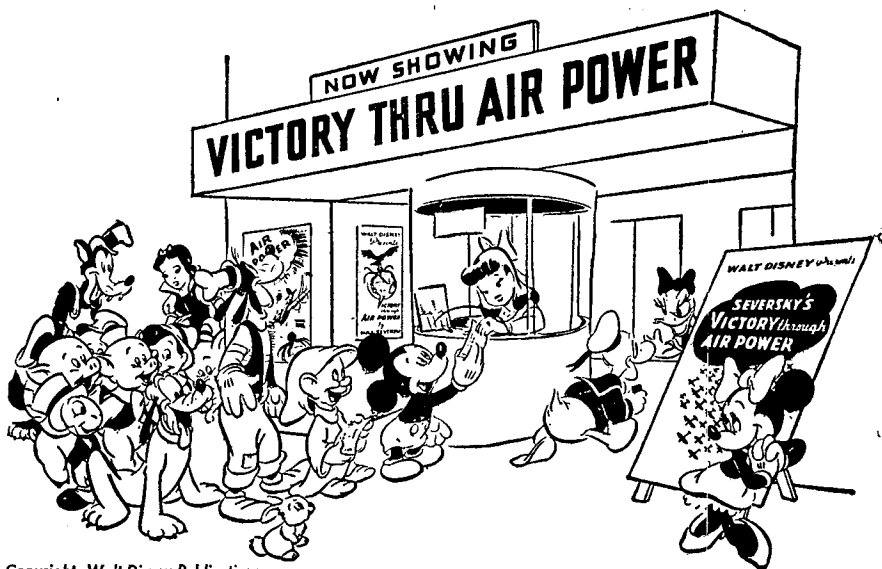
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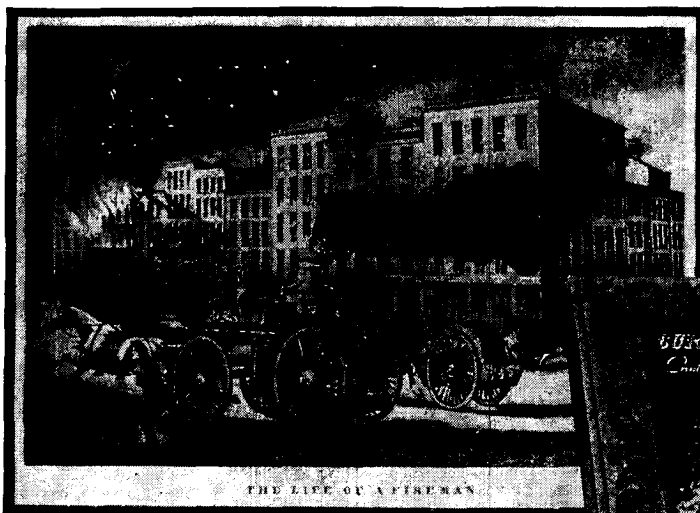
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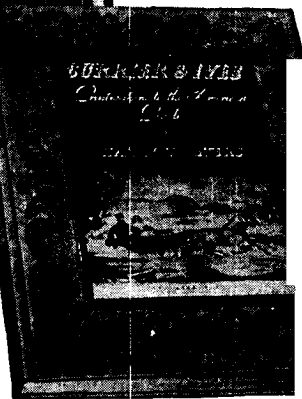




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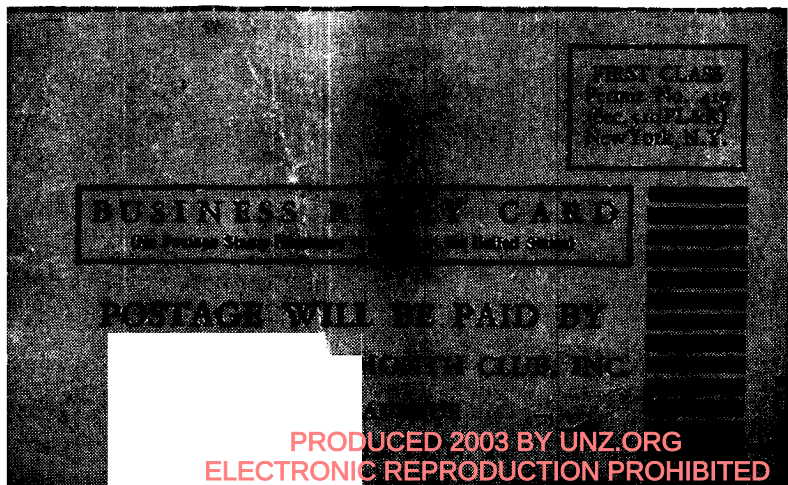
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